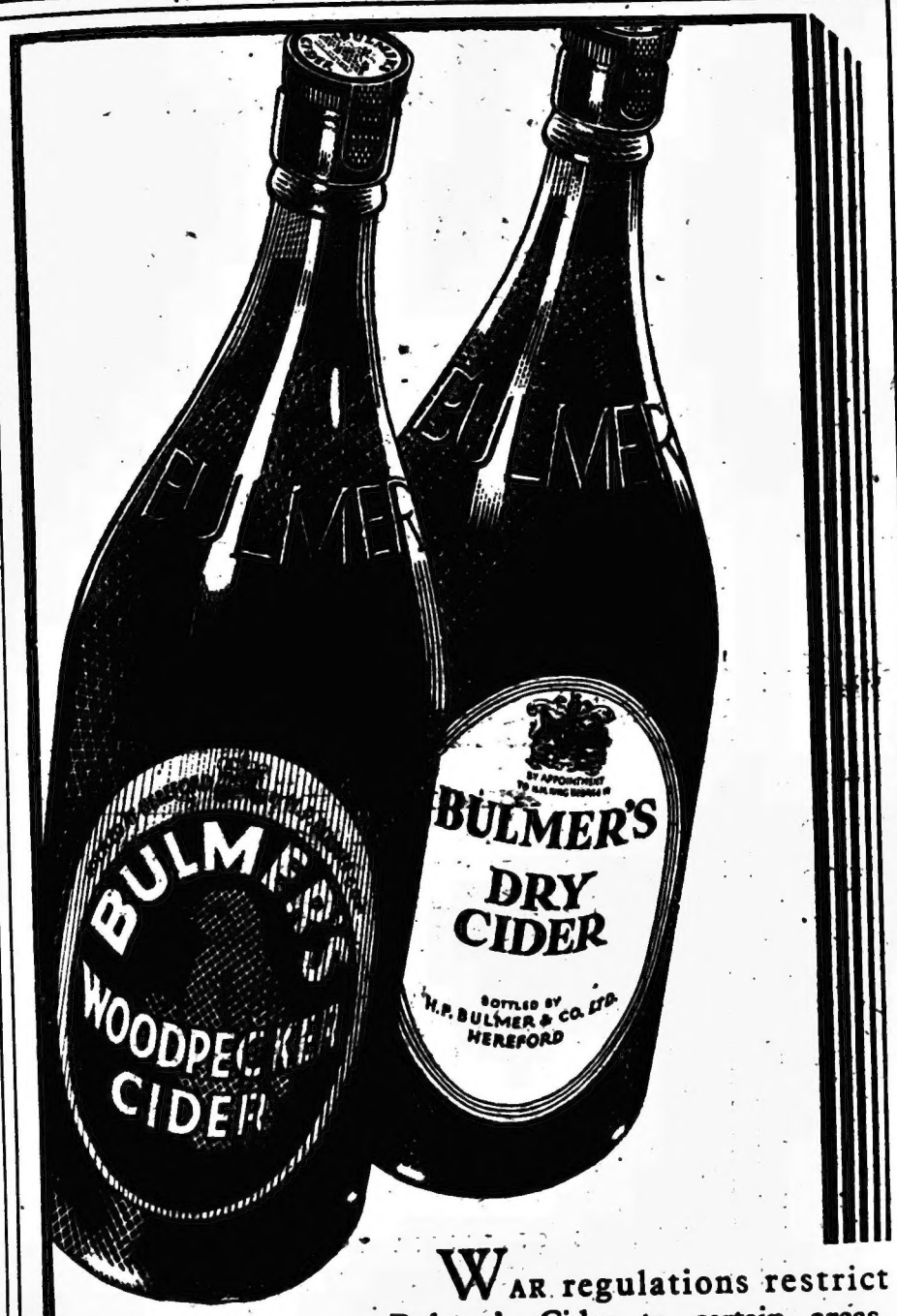
Week ending April 7 1945 THREEPENCE

JOHN BULL

Every Thursday

S. S.

See page 5



WAR regulations restrict Bulmer's Cider to certain areas. Soon we hope Bulmer's will once again be greeting old friends and making new ones everywhere.

Bulmer's CIDER

H. P. BULMER & CO LTD., HEREFORD

royds 75J.D.

Cadbury quality—and no points

Study · rehearsals · quick changes · first nights

—she lives on her nerves

The life of an actress is full of rush and bustle, and it tells on her nerves. Whenever she can relax for a moment with a soothing cup of Rowntree's Cocoa, she feels the benefit of it. So, too, does the equally hard-pressed housewife, whose nerves are no less taxed by the care of a home and family — the continual round of housework, shopping, meals. Rowntree's Cocoa comforts jangled nerves and aids digestion. Unlike so many drinks, it contains body-building protein, energy-giving carbohydrate and fat.

ROWNTREE'S COCOA
soothes frayed nerves

Now—for Freedom Soon—for the Family

While the lamps of Liberty burned low in Europe, we counted leisure and luxury well lost in Freedom's cause. Then Electricity, source of so many domestic comforts and peace-time pleasures, helped forge the weapons to free the conquered capitals.

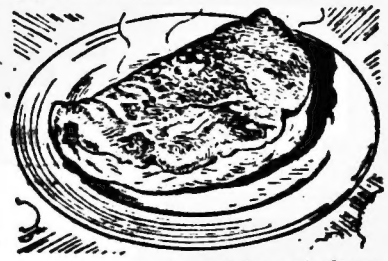
We look to the day when Electricity will itself be freed—freed to serve your Family's needs—to warm, to cheer, to cook, to clean, to lighten labour in a hundred ways.

Hasten that day, by switching off *now* whenever you can.

Electricity

A feather-light Omelette every time!

Follow these simple directions and you can make omelettes like an expert!



Anyone can make delicious omelettes with dried eggs by following these directions carefully:

Allow 4 or 5 level tablespoons dried eggs for two people. Reconstitute the eggs, and here's the best way to do this: Measure the dried eggs *very carefully*—one *level* tablespoon to two tablespoonfuls of water. A heaped tablespoon gives you far too much dried egg for the amount of water and results in a "leathery" omelette.

Beat out all lumps first. (If you have a wire strainer, press the dried eggs through this.) Add half the water and mix thoroughly till quite smooth. Then add rest of water and stir thoroughly again. Now beat well and season. Meanwhile, have half an ounce of fat (lard, preferably) heating in the frying-pan. When it is very hot—*and not till then*—pour in the eggs quickly. The omelette should cook in about a minute. Lift edges with a knife as it cooks and when just set, roll over on to a hot plate.

Made this way, you'll have an omelette that tastes absolutely delicious!

Dried eggs have the same nutritional value as shell eggs. D.E.17

Issued by the Ministry of Food, London, W.1

Great strides

AT that anxious time when baby seems to lose instead of gain, Nestlé's milk turns the tide. Nestlé's milk is rich, full cream country milk. Nature's own complete and perfect food. But it is milk which baby can easily digest and thrive on from the first days. That is the simple reason behind a thousand miracles.

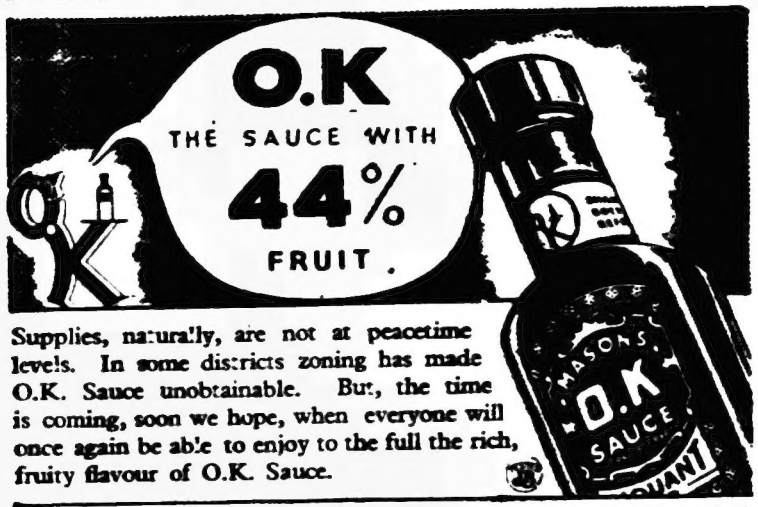
Nestlé's Milk

RICHEST IN CREAM

When you find Horlicks difficult to get, please remember that many have special need of it

In emergency rations issued to soldiers, sailors, and airmen, Horlicks is an essential item. It was specially chosen because it is so nourishing and sustaining. The makers of Horlicks are proud that it has helped to save many lives. Horlicks also goes to hospitals, factories, and mines. So, when you find Horlicks difficult to get, please remember that many have special need of it. And make Horlicks by mixing it with water only. The milk is already in it.

HORLICKS



Supplies, naturally, are not at peacetime levels. In some districts zoning has made O.K. Sauce unobtainable. But, the time is coming, soon we hope, when everyone will once again be able to enjoy to the full the rich, fruity flavour of O.K. Sauce.

THE SAUCE THAT DOES YOU GOOD

"A HEALTHY AND WELL-BALANCED AGRICULTURE"

Never before have a vigorous agriculture and the practice of good husbandry been so vital to national well-being as in these years of war, when agriculture has become our "fourth line of defence". They are no less to be desired in times of peace.

The provision of seasonal and other credit is only one of many services that a modern bank can contribute to these ends. A scientific, well-planned agriculture demands close accounting and detailed costing. For these purposes, as for the transmission and collection of money with ease, economy and safety, a banking account forms an indispensable part of a progressive farmer's equipment.

The manager of any branch of the Midland Bank—Britain's largest bank—will gladly explain to any farmer, market gardener or other participator in Britain's most extensive industry the manifold ways in which the operation of a banking account will help him.

MIDLAND BANK.
LIMITED

FOSTER CLARK'S CUSTARD

Smooth as velvet

MAKERS OF EIFFEL TOWER LEMONADE

They'll be the days!

Happy, peaceful days well begun with a Quaker Oats breakfast.

Quick **QUAKER OATS**

April 7 1945 JOHN BULL Volume 77 Number 2025 93 Long Acre London WC2 Telephone Temple Bar 2468

Without Fear or Favour

Our Haves and Have Nots

OUR FREEDOM is imperilled. The threat comes, not from the Nazis, but from the Planner in our midst.

So we are told every day by the clamorous champions of free enterprise. It would need more than cotton wool in our ears to ignore the allegation, and more than blinkers not to see that there is some truth in it.

The Planners certainly aim at depriving people of the chance to get rich quick. They want to deny them the freedom to buy great slices of land and hold to ransom the public bodies who require that land for housing the people, and the freedom to exploit the weak and sweat the poor.

That sort of freedom has always been the privilege of a few Haves. It has never been shared by the vast majority of our people who are the Have-Nots.

Exactly one hundred years ago, Disraeli wrote that Britain was inhabited by two nations—one small but rich, the other big but poor. Broadly speaking, the generalisation is still true.

THE QUESTION NOW is whether the rich or the unscrupulous are to be allowed their own kind of freedom just because they are rich or unscrupulous.

The Planners say No. They wish to restrain the speculators. They say that both cut-throat competition and monopolies disguised as private enterprise are wasteful and anti-social.

They want a controlled instead of a chaotic trade structure. They demand protection for the Have-Nots against the Haves.

That is the issue. It is as simple as that. We must not be confused by sham appeals to our patriotism, or the sudden regard for our welfare by vested interests which plundered us in the past.

By judicious State control, we can give to all Have Nots the freedom to be well housed, well-fed, decently paid, and adequately catered for by social services.

Or we can give to the Haves the freedom to exploit us for their benefit.

The choice is ours.

The Editor

Can Kesselring Still Stand?

V Bombs from Norway Scare. Bricks for Gen. Pile. Listen to Bevin. American Rations—and Ours. Three Modern Pilgrims. Secret Crime Film. New Boxing Hope

SHALL WE MEET MANY more "pockets of resistance" on the Western Front?

Some military experts, who learned a lot about trench warfare in 1917 and cannot forget it, predict gloomily that Kesselring will make a last stand on the Elbe.

But the days of gloom are over; this is the time to rejoice at great triumphs of arms and organisation.

Makeshift fortifications have certainly been built along the Elbe, which flows from Hamburg through Central Germany and comes fairly near to Berlin. There, too, the enemy High Command has kept its last reserves: four excellent divisions which Kesselring hesitated to commit in the early stages of the battle.

What the experts seem to forget is that Kesselring's best defensive position was the Rhine—which he lost in a night.

Champion Stone-waller

TO UNDERSTAND THE prospects we must understand the man. Albert Kesselring, whose fierce features are a doubtful adornment to this page, is the Johnny Won't Hit To-day of this war.

He is an excellent stone-waller. He is said to lack the brilliance of Von Rundstedt, who believed in dash and manœuvre. But Kesselring's stubbornness and tenacity are worth a whole army corps.

"A first-class defensive soldier," says Alexander of him. And Alexander, who had to dislodge him from one Italian hilltop after another, should know. Like Alexander, he never makes a mistake.

He Didn't Dare

Why, then, did he not try to hold the Rhine at all costs? The answer is that he is an airman as well as a soldier.

It was he who massacred the Dutch and Belgian refugees from the air, who bombed defenceless Warsaw, who sent the *Luftwaffe* against Britain.

He knows what air power can do. He knew that 10,000 Allied 'planes and massed Allied artillery would have made mincemeat of his best divisions had he lined them up along the Rhine's banks. He must know that the Elbe will be treated in exactly the same way as the Rhine.

End in Sight

No, one does not have to be a crystal-gazer to perceive that the war in the West is rushing to its close.

Kesselring cannot hold Central Germany. His armies are melting away. But there is a force of S.S. men in the Bavarian hills, presumably to enable Hitler and Co. to snatch a few more months of worthless life. Kesselring may be chosen to command it.

U-Boats Again?

MUCH LESS FEASIBLE is the suggestion that the enemy will try to hold Norway to the last—not only as a U-boat base but as a vast launching site for new-type V bombs.

It need not cause us much loss of sleep, for it originated in Dr. Goebbels' propaganda department.

Even the inventive Herr Doktor doesn't explain how communications between Norway and Germany can be kept open after we have occupied the Reich. In other words, how the material for "tens of thousands" of V bombs can be shipped to Norway.

Minister's Bloomer

MENTION OF V bombs might remind us of Duncan Sandys, the sprightly and young Minister of Works. Because, of course, it was Sandys who encouraged evacuees to flood back to London last September by telling them that the V bomb campaign was over.

Kesselring, seen here by Tim, is as ruthless as he looks. But he can't frighten a broken army into offering us further resistance

Probably he is a better judge of men than facts. So it seems, by his appointment, to clear up the temporary housing muddle, of a general with a reputation for dislike of red tape, but who is liked by his men even when he "gives them hell."

The Little General

GENERAL PILE is a little man, as inches go. Son of a Dublin coal merchant, he only just scraped through his military exams. A good horseman, he became an outstanding show jumper, and as commander of our A.A. defences in this war he has a proud record of 850 German 'planes and 1,560 flying bombs shot down.

Is he big enough for his new job? Can he jump to the task of putting up emergency houses? Though he was due to retire two years ago, and go to the City, has he mastered the intricacies of contract placing and costing, and general business organisation?

A Thousand Million

We shall not be able to blame him if the answers eventually prove unsatisfactory. We have the bricks all right. More than a thousand million of them are in stock—enough to build 50,000 houses right away. We can make eight thousand million a year—enough for 400,000 and more houses. But labour is a bottleneck.

Above all, the Government has no policy for finding the land, for planning and organising a flow of houses.

"Shakes" is Still Alive

LAND IS ACTUALLY the province of W. S. Morrison, Minister of Town and Country Planning. As the Government never lets him do anything, some people are apt to think of him as moribund and mouldering.

He isn't. He couldn't be. He is a Scot, and has all the Scottish persistence.

Despite his prematurely white hair, he is only forty-seven, and capable of hard work. And "Shakes," so-called because his second name is Shakespeare, has for months been working hard on a real Land Policy.

Election Surprise?

Will Conservative landowners manage to prevent its appearance? "Try some Montgomery tactics in your Department," his fellow-countrymen advised him on his last visit north of the Border.

"Shakes" is not likely to do so. Though he won the M.C. in the last war, he is also a K.C. and a P.C. Which means that he combines discretion with valour, so he will probably try persuasion rather than shock tactics. It may be that Mr. Churchill will find it convenient to produce his Land Policy at the next election. Of course, there would be no guarantee that it would be adopted after a Conservative victory!

Don't Miss Bevin

IT IS MUCH SAFER to predict that another Minister will make big news long before that. Ernest Bevin is to speak to Yorkshiremen this week-end, and what he will say will be worth everyone's attention.

For "Ernie" will take off the gloves. He will answer the Prime Minister's hint regarding a post-war Coalition. To mix metaphors, we can look out for fireworks.

Next year, at sixty-five, he will be past the age limit of his lifeblood, the Transport and General Workers' Union. He will remain in politics. But Central Office schemers who imagine he would betray the Labour Party don't know "Ernie."

That Meat Cut

ONE OTHER MINISTER deserves attention. Col. Llewellin, Minister of Food, is in Washington, talking about our meat rations.

Despite his nervous cough and lip-twitching, he has a sense of humour and a flair for diplomacy. He showed the last when Minister of Aircraft Production. Within a few hours of the appearance of a critical JOHN BULL paragraph, we received a note in his own writing promising immediate remedy to the defect we had pointed out.

Civil Servants look askance at him because he always starts office work long before the morning cleaners have finished.

JB insurance

"I CAN ONLY SAY 'THANK YOU'"

writes Mr. J. Driver, of Bradford, in acknowledging cheque paid under John Bull's Free Insurance.

JOHN BULL offers free to every reader an Insurance Policy, underwritten at Lloyd's, against *AIR RAIDS* (including bombardment by *ROCKETS* and *FLY-BOMBS*) as well as *COMPREHENSIVE HOUSEHOLD BENEFITS.*

JOURNEY'S END.

Indeed, he is more hard-working than brilliant. And the hard facts he is hammering home in Washington should make it unlikely that our meat ration will be cut.

Difficult to Ration

ON THE FACE OF IT, American rations appear capable of considerable reductions But we ought to remember that the vastness of the U.S.A., the enormous length of the transport lines and the isolation of the farms, make it much harder to apply rigorous rationing there than in our own tiny country.

How We Pay

BESIDES, WHO ARE WE to talk of faulty distribution methods?

A highly interesting book just produced by Cadbury Bros. (*Industrial Record*, distributed by Pitmans, price 8s. 6d.) shows that 45 per cent. of the price of every bar of chocolate goes in selling and distribution costs!

The manufacturers are not responsible for that. They, like the consumers, would welcome the saner distribution system that should be one of our objects in Reconstruction.

Why Wavell is Back

THE SURPRISE London visit of the Viceroy of India, Lord Wavell, is due to a shrewd little man named Bhulabhai Desai.

A successful Bombay lawyer, Desai has several times been jailed for his part in the disobedience campaign. Those of us who met him when he came to Britain to consult Labour must have recognised his high sincerity.

One of his remarks: "Fight without bitterness and lose without rancour," deserves to be adopted as a political precept

Now he has produced a plan to settle the Indian question. It proposes a National Government composed of 40 per cent. Hindus, 40 per cent. Muslims, and 20 per cent. Sikhs, depressed classes and other minorities.

Three Pilgrims

THREE MODERN PILGRIMS are shortly leaving Britain for Etchmiadzin, one of the earliest strongholds of Christianity.

They are a priest, a doctor and a businessman, and they are going to Armenia as representatives of Armenians in Britain, to take part in a ceremony which had its birth in the days of the Apostles.

The priest is Archbishop Indjeian, head of the Armenian church in Britain; the medico is Doctor H. D. A. Utidjian, of Wembley Park; and the businessman is Sarkis Kurkdjian, of London.

They will vote at the ancient ceremony of electing a new Catholicos—the head of the Armenian church, and spiritual leader of Armenians throughout the world.

Safety in the U.S.S.R.

To-day, after centuries of strife and persecution, Armenia is safe in the Soviet Union, of which it forms a state.

Armenia was the first Christian state. Its people are proud and poor, for centuries their country was torn and pillaged by Moslem armies. So many people fled from the Terror that to-day there are more Armenians outside Armenia than there are inside.

Many of the delegates crossing the world to the shrine are men who will be seeing the land of their ancestors for the first time.

This Film is Secret

MOST OF US will never see one film that is to be made. A "crime picture" of a new kind, its scenario is being prepared by Scotland Yard and the Home Office between them. It will be used to train young detectives.

With official approval, the British Council is also making a film about policemen. It will depict the workings of British justice for peoples overseas, though it may later be shown in Britain.

But it is the Yard film that British youths would like to see. So, of course, would the crooks.

Nudes Mustn't Move

EVERY SO OFTEN a move is made to "clean up" the London stage. The subject became news again a few days ago when the Bishop of London's Public Morality Council protested against "the exploitation of nudity."

What are the facts?

In practice, virtual nudity is allowed on the London stage providing the figure is inert. Movement is barred. Apparently a nude is a "statue" and qualifies as Art, providing she isn't on the run!

No Fear!

SOME OF THE OPTIMISTS who hang around the Stock Exchange—and it is remarkable how badly informed the Stock Exchange can be at times—are already predicting a cut in Excess Profit Tax in the forthcoming Budget.

At the same time they are not looking for any relief for the ordinary taxpayer.

This is wishful thinking with a vengeance. A cut in E.P.T. would zoom the value of thousands of industrial shares, and the speculators who had bought in advance would clean up.

But responsible City opinion considers any such cut to be most unlikely.

Shock for Durham

SOME OF US MAY SEE in our lifetime the end of the Durham coalfield, one of Britain's biggest and best. An official report estimates that, at pre-war rate of production, it will be exhausted within fifty years.

British prosperity was built on coal. Yet we waste most of it by converting it into mere soot. Research into the most economical methods of using coal deserves the support of Government and industry alike.

Playing for Tractors!

THERE IS ALREADY a shortage of the tools needed for prosperity on the farms. So at farm sales you will see the auctioneer holding a pack of playing-cards and offering each card at 10s. a time.

The man who draws a king can obtain an option on a tractor or plough. The other sums of 10s. go to the Red Cross.

Actually, production of agricultural machinery has been kept at a high level. But thousands of machines are earmarked for the Liberated Countries.

Uncertain Allotments

THOSE TO WHOM FARMING is a small-scale hobby—the allotment holders—have their own worries. They are wondering what will happen to their war time tenancies. Paddington council, for example, is serving a six months' notice on the holders.

An authoritative ruling for the whole country would ensure the Digging for Peace that will be essential during the next few years.

£4-a-Room Holidays

HOLIDAYS ARE NO LESS necessary. But it seems unfair that the only people who will be able to take them at the seaside are those who can afford to pay through the nose for accommodation.

At Brighton, this Easter, three people had to pay 31s. 6d. a day each to share a single room on the fourth floor. Summer prices will be still higher.

A remedy would be almost impossible to apply. But it shows the profiteering that would take place if control were removed from goods in short supply.

The Crayon Crusader

TO DEPICT SOME economic problems might defeat many a cartoonist. But not Fitzpatrick, the gaunt and lanky American who has been crusading against social evils and reaction for thirty years.

A modern Hogarth, he draws exactly what he pleases and doesn't care a rap for anyone he displeases. An example of his grim and purposeful style of attack appears on page seven of this week's JOHN BULL.

Going by Air

GOOD NEWS FOR SOLDIERS, mothers and wives is that R.A.F. Transport Command will be greatly extended when the war is over.

Troops for India, the Middle East and elsewhere will be taken by air. And they will return by air for regular annual leave at home.

Spread the Risk

LIKE ALL OTHER FORMS of transport, flying can never be entirely without risk. The loss of a Liberator last week, in which the Under-Secretary for Air and other extremely high officers and officials were travelling to Canada, raises an urgent question.

Important people must travel by air, we know. But why allow half a dozen or more in the same 'plane?

The risk of accident should be spread, as underwriters would say. No more than two high-ranking people should be carried as passengers in any one 'plane. It is no secret that we have more aircraft and crews than can be used for combat—they should be put at Transport Command's disposal.

Will Stalin be There?

GOOD NEWS FOR SPORTSMEN is that the most interesting Soccer international for years may be staged at Wembley on May 26. A Soviet side has accepted the invitation; transport remains the only problem.

The Russian team should be good, for football has become a major Soviet sport. All that the Wembley game would need to set all Britain agog would be the attendance of Uncle Joe and Winston.

New Boxing Hope

AS FOR BOXING, the search for a Briton to compete for the world heavyweight title may be over. That, anyhow, is the hope of those backing the Doncaster railwayman, Bruce Woodcock.

Determined not to rush him, they have not given him a fixture for six months. But they should realise that before he could be sent to the U.S.A. he would need experience, and that to hold the British and Empire championships would be an asset. We suggest he should be matched with Freddie Mills as soon as possible, and then with Jack London.

Hanging it Out

THE ONE-TIME B.B.C. ban on "We'll Hang Out the Washing on the Siegfried Line" has not prevented it from becoming highly popular with the troops on the Continent.

It was written by Michael Carr and Jimmy Kennedy. Now the latter is Capt. Kennedy of the R.A., serving near the Siegfried Line. He must gaze on that overrated system of concrete dragon's teeth with a peculiar satisfaction.

Still Going Strong

The song is this war's nearest approach to the "Tipperary" of the last war. Will it last as long? A music publisher who went to Paris recently for the first time since 1940 found orders piling up for "Tipperary."

Bert Feldman, who made a fortune from publishing the song, died last week. The newspapers didn't mention that, though famous for his parsimony and without any legal obligation, he paid a weekly allowance for life to the composer and lyric writer—Harry Williams and Jack Judge—from whom he had bought it outright.

S. S.

Two million murderers, fanatics, scientifically trained to terrorise Germans as well as conquered peoples. Their day is over. But the problem remains—how can we tear apart the evil machine which mass-produced them

by Heinrich Fraenkel

"PRESENT INDICATIONS, S.S. withdrawing from battlefront. . . ."

Conveyed in a brief Intelligence report, this information reached H.Q. Staff at the time of the first Rhine crossings, significant evidence that the crack-up was at hand.

Among the prisoners taken the proportion of S.S. men had fallen with odd suddenness. Himmler had begun recalling to the Reich his black-shirted, blacker-hearted, prætorian guard.

These killers, together with the *Gestapo*, closely linked with them, were the rigid framework holding Hitler's mad empire together. If they were withdrawing from the battlefront to muster for some last-ditch stand, this meant the beginning of the end.

For the S.S. were the real Government of Germany.

No sadder and more bewildering task confronts the modern historian than to take apart this evil machine, observe how cog fits into cog, trace where the power comes from, uncover the systems of control. But the job must be done and done carefully; *for nothing like this has been seen before.*

Synthetic Blackguards

Instinctive savagery the world has seen in plenty; and here and there a coolly scientific killer has emerged. But in the S.S. formations science and intuition have combined to produce the synthetic blackguard—a mass-production job on a staggering scale.

The intuition was Hitler's—however sadly that quality has failed him in battle strategy, in making youth ripe for death it did not fail.

The science was Himmler's—though where he acquired it, how he perfected it, is hard to tell. Of the two minds his presents the greater riddle. At every stage of the Fuehrer's rise a cloudy, posturing insanity announces evil; but every known fact about the young Himmler is trivial, dreary, ordinary.

The pince-nez, the poultry farm, the weak chin with its perennial bristles—how square these with the steady climb to power, the awful, soulless wickedness, the paralysing glance? Here is that weirdest of all Nazi phenomena—"the man in the street turned devil."

Prepared for Nazi Downfall

Himmler, we know now, was the architect of the S.S. from its earliest beginnings. This quiet methodical man outdid the Fuehrer in boastfulness, claiming that the race of men which, by meticulous selection of his S.S. men's brides, he was creating would last not for a thousand, but for twenty thousand years.

Yet he planned the S.S. in every detail to battle with disaster. This is the strangest fact of all—that Himmler, as though warned by second sight, seems to have known from the start that the Nazi dream would fail.

The story of the S.S., like so much of Hitler's past, is full of doubtful points and blurred episodes. Even what the letters first stood for is not quite clear. Most reference books give *Schutz Staffel*—that is, "security squads," as the name of the blackshirt detachments; but an earlier name was *Saalschutz*, or "hall protectors," for the chief duty of the first squads enrolled was to act as "chuckers-out."

Industrious Party scribes have invented many fine legends concerning those early days. But the beating up of unfortunate hecklers was the blackshirts' principal heroic task. Another duty was to create a disturbance in theatres and concert halls when Jewish artistes appeared. There was little in all this loutishness to indicate the growth of a sinister power.

At first the S.S. were only a minor public nuisance, like those young men in black sweaters, armed with ashplants, which the British Fascists used to explain were necessary to protect their brave speakers from murderous assaults by "Communist thugs." There was a touch of comic opera about the whole business. Himmler, who had 70 troopers in his first command, must have seemed, with his pimply face and watery eyes, a very ridiculous young man.

Himmler himself scrutinised the photograph of every S.S. candidate. He wanted good physical specimens, insensitive, capable of unthinking fanaticism

He'd spent a year in the German army, unnoticed, utterly obscure; then two years as a student, without even moderate promise of success. A minor clerkship was the next stage; but a sudden loan from the dissolute Herr Bell, a "Party sympathiser," improved Himmler's fortunes.

"Agricultural Adviser"

With money thus supplied, Himmler became a poultry farmer. In later years this period of his life was risky to mention.

"I had the honour to be agricultural adviser to the Fuehrer," is his own description of this episode.

Little is recorded of the Fuehrer's use of such rural philosophy as Herr Himmler was able to impart, but that the chickens did not benefit is certain, for the farm failed.

But the S.S. succeeded. Dissolved after the ill-fated "Beer Hall *Putsch*" in 1923, they were later reorganised on a huge scale under Himmler's command. Swaggering, top-booted, black-uniformed, they were a *corps d'élite*, from which the Fuehrer and the other Nazi leaders drew their bodyguards. They stood apart from the uncouth and more numerous "brownshirts"—the S.A. battalions, into which the unemployed youth of Germany had been hurriedly enrolled.

It was to Gregor Strasser, one of Hitler's most trusted friends, that Himmler owed his promotion. Strasser valued his devotion to duty and the painstaking records he kept. But Herr Himmler was still a figure of fun to many of the Nazi high-ups who laughed at his endless collection of notebooks in which every fact which came his way was noted.

When, in 1933, the Nazis seized power, the S.S. numbered some 50,000, a picked private army, built up in ten years from what at first had been gangs of beer-hall chuckers-out. Yet even now it was not realised what Hitler and Himmler had done. Within a year the force, doubled in strength, was so swift and concentrated in action that it was the real power in the land.

Blood Bath in 1934

Proof of this came on the "night of the long knives," the blood-bath of June, 1934. That night the S.S. killed a thousand Nazis whose allegiance Hitler doubted. Most of them were brownshirt leaders, including Roehm, the ambitious chief.

He was supplanted by a harmless Yes-man, Lutze, of whom history records little save his parlour trick of dropping his glass eye suddenly into his wine glass, at gatherings.

Under Lutze the S.A. dwindled, and Himmler's S.S. gained ascendancy.

Now came the feverish race towards war. While Hitler plotted world aggression, Himmler was in charge of the home front. "Battlefield Inner Germany" was how he himself described it; with the aid of the *Gestapo*, concentration camps, and scientific torture, he laboured to make the morale of the home front secure.

The task of the *Gestapo* was to weed out all who might lead opposition. The task of the S.S. was to hold down the masses should they prove restive under the strains of war. Himmler recruited his thugs in vast numbers, but with infinite care. It was his boast that he scrutinised personally the photograph of every candidate. He knew the type he wanted, not stupid, but not too clever; good physical specimens, insensitive, capable of unthinking fanaticism.

"I want," he said "only such men as are proud enough to be in no danger of fraternising with the proletariat."

When he got the men he wanted he systematically blooded them, deliberately teaching them torture and violence. Education, however, was not neglected. "Once a week," he states, "we have a school evening when a few pages of *Mein Kampf* are read aloud."

They Began to Arm

When he began to arm them they were called the Waffen S.S.—*waffen* means weapons. First they numbered about 5 per cent. of the regular army, then 10 per cent. There are something like two million of them now.

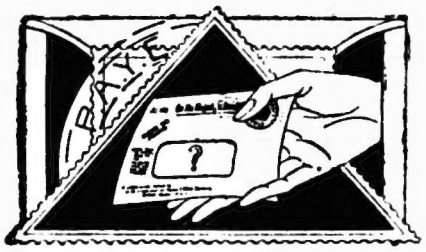
The *Wehrmacht* officers hated Himmler, but so great was his effrontery that in 1940 he tried to get a special S.S. *Luftwaffe*, an air force under his personal direction, independent of the High Command.

In this he did not quite succeed, for the extent to which he controlled the air squadrons working with the S.S. was never precisely determined.

But now he has full power. After the attempt on Hitler's life, he turned up at a conference with an armed bodyguard and announced that the Reich was in danger and that he would take charge. A strange man, Herr Himmler.

Herr Bell, who lent him the money for his chicken farm, he shot in Innsbruck. Strasser, who gave him his first chance, was trampled to death by his S.S. men in the purge. Hitler, who also befriended him, he has not yet killed. He needs him as a legend, so Hitler still lives, embalmed.

Argument



IS INCOME TAX THE ONLY FAIR TAX?

The income tax year ends this week. We hate it, but what other tax is fair? Suppose income tax were the only tax?

for

1. Income tax is fair because it depends entirely on the citizen's ability to pay.
2. A tax on tea or sugar (that is, an indirect tax) falls, in proportion to income, most heavily on the poor.
3. Under income tax you know exactly what you're paying; with indirect taxation you don't.
4. In 1938-39 the Inland Revenue collected £12 per head from us, of which sum direct taxation was only £4. That is, one-third of our taxes were fairly collected according to the taxpayer's means, and two-thirds quite unfairly. Now, in war time, the proportions are reversed, but indirect taxation's still wrong.
5. If income tax were the only tax collection expenses would be considerably lessened.
6. You can never calculate indirect taxes fairly. A car is taxed at £1 5s. per horse-power. How would you calculate a bicycle's horse-power if these were taxed?
7. Under indirect taxation an industry may suffer if its products are singled out for tax and may benefit if its rivals are. Hence discreditable "lobbying" in the House of Commons.

against

1. True income is hard to calculate. Deductions for alleged "business expenses" cannot easily be checked, whereas a Civil Servant's income is known to a penny.
2. Under the "income tax only" system the good citizen pays to the last farthing. Less admirable types specialising in cash transactions escape.
3. Income tax law is complex and worries everyone; indirect taxation worries only the officials paid to worry over it.
4. It is doubtful if there would be much saving of staff if indirect taxation were abolished, as staff would still have to calculate all the commodity figures for use as trade statistics.
5. A high rate of income tax cripples incentive, indirect taxation does not. Illogical, no doubt, but man is an illogical animal.
6. At present we pay taxes on luxuries, and by abstaining from luxuries rightly avoid tax.
7. By means of indirect taxes the Government can discourage certain forms of spending and encourage others—a very useful means of directing national well-being.

Montgomery knew how to wait for the knock-out

OPEN LETTERS

Field-Marshal Montgomery,

C.-in-C., 21st Army Group

DEAR "MONTY,"—Words are poor things to express the admiration and gratitude we all feel for the way you and your American comrades-in-arms have smashed across the Rhine in the drive for victory. Battle honours crowd upon you. From El Alamein to Wesel and beyond comes name after name which history will link with your glittering career.

It will also I hope—and I know that you share this hope—link your successes with the men who made them possible. They are the planners, the men whose genius provided the sinews of war and whose skilful vision surmounted obstacles of terrifying proportion.

Every worker, every soldier, every sailor and every airman has played a part in getting those splendid armies of yours across the Rhine.

And especial praise must go to the Unknown Men—the staff officers, whose brilliantly logical and far-seeing brains prepared the vast operation, mastered the complex problems of supply, and made your victory possible. They were the great Planners; you, the great Executant.

There were delays and disappointments—naturally. There were fears that we had left things too late, that the Germans were so well dug in that the Fortress of Europe would not be breached.

Science, planning, work and gallantry stormed that fortress. Since D-Day, except for Rundstedt's abortive offensive you have gone steadily towards your goal. And behind you has been the whole-hearted support of the people of this island.

In you is the personification of their will to win. In you is vested the honour of smashing the enemy on his own devastated soil. Your victory is the victory of the nation; and as such, is one which we share, proudly and humbly, with you.—JOHN BULL.

Rt. Hon. Sir Stafford Cripps,

Minister of Aircraft Production

DEAR SIR STAFFORD,—Your statement that we shall have to increase our exports by 125 per cent. will come as no surprise to the experts, who know how badly our foreign investments have shrunk.

But it is a warning to those who picture after the war a new Britain of comparative ease and leisure.

The realisation must be faced that to win the Battle of the Peace will mean work as hard as that which made possible the winning of the war. Unless our export trade is developed, social security will remain a theory, not a fact, and the standard of living will fall, because if we don't export we can't import. That is the truth which none of us can ignore.—JOHN BULL.

Rt. Hon. Sir James Grigg,

Minister for War

DEAR SIR JAMES,—Officialdom is quick to grasp or extend authority and slow to yield it. That is why I view with alarm the reluctance of the military authorities to come to any decision on the future of tracts of Britain requisitioned as battle training areas.

Your people are never satisfied. Though public protest has forced you to abandon the scheme to convert Bodmin Moor into a bombing range, I know your Department is seeking to increase the number of such ranges already in existence.

Is Britain the only place where such ranges can be secured? What's the matter with Central Germany or the Sahara Desert or desolate parts of Canada?

Our small island is too small to provide testing grounds for all the Bigger and Better bombs—not to mention V-weapons—which seem to be the hall marks of modern civilisation. Besides, we've had enough of them!—JOHN BULL.

Human Machine

UP AND DOING

FOR FIVE LONG YEARS there have stared at us from the hoardings exhortations to Save—to Save—to Save.

Well, as far as money and the war is concerned, that is no doubt a very desirable and necessary thing. But to save is rarely any good. What everyone ought to do is to *invest*.

Never mind money—that's not really so important as you think. Money is only a means to an end: it is not an end in itself. That's why "save" is so misleading a word. What we all have to do with everything we have—goods, health, abilities, talents and skill—is to use them. What we have to avoid doing is to misuse them.

With the things that belong to us—our brains, our intelligence, our muscles, our bodies, our thoughts, our behaviour—we are all too apt to save. And it's such a dead-alive sort of thing. To save our enthusiasms, our praise, our delights, our enjoyments, our zest for this and that and the other, is so deadening, such a waste, a misuse, of the very sap of life.

Prodigality and not economy is the real virtue.

Surely our aim and object in life should be to add somehow to the general sum of good? How can we do that unless we are always up and doing? How can we do that if we are mean and economical with the powers that were given us to *use*?

Use is alive and life-giving. Misuse is criminal waste. Keep that touchstone constantly before you in all you do.

Rt. Hon. Herbert Morrison, M.P.,

Home Secretary

DEAR MR. MORRISON,—The passing of each victory-filled day brings us nearer to that election which will decide political issues now cropping up on every side.

I like a fighter. I like a man who goes into a battle with confidence and sincerity. That's why I like your prediction that "when this Parliament comes to an end and the dissolution comes, the bricks can fly, and they will fly with great vigour and energy."

Get those bricks flying as soon as you can. I want to see them smashing down barriers of social distinctions. I want to see them shatter the sham windows of political hypocrisy and let in the light of a more reasonable and happier age. More power to your brick-heaving elbow when the arena clears for action and the Battle of Westminster begins!—JOHN BULL.

The Infante Don Juan,

Pretender to the Throne of Spain

DEAR DON JUAN,—Your solemn call to General Franco to resign his dictatorship—and leave the way open for the restoration of the traditional Spanish régime—may impress your retinue and your servants in Bourbon royal livery. It may impress a considerable part of the Spanish nation. It doesn't impress me.

Once you volunteered for service under Franco. He rejected that offer. I have little doubt that he will also reject your call to him to surrender power.

Can it be that you are merely trying to cash in on the approaching end of Nazism and on the great Democratic resurgence throughout Europe and the world? After all, you're not alone in a switch from one side to another.—JOHN BULL.

READY FOR Z-DAY

The last invasion is due—the return of millions of men and women to civil life. Here are fresh details of the master-plan for switch-over

by DONALD STOKES

Z-DAY PLAN, THEY CALL IT—the master-plan governing the vast switch-over from war to peace. Set in operation within a few hours of the "Cease Fire," it will, before a year is out, release 6,000,000 men and women from the Forces or war industries, settling them back in normal civilian life.

The Services' releases will be mostly from the Army. No large-scale Naval or Air Force demobilisation can be possible till the final defeat of Japan.

D-Day called for planning on an immense scale; but the Z-Day plan, in all its many ramifications, is vaster. And the stakes are just as high.

I have talked to the men who are directing this tremendous enterprise. Several of them are high-ranking officers straight from the battlefield. These men know from first-hand experience what the troops want.

He's Head Master to Millions

Lone civilian among the Servicemen, Philip Morris, at forty-four Director-General of Army Education, is a lean-faced man with the keenness of the enthusiast in his eyes. His is a strange job—head master to millions. He works in a rambling Victorian house in Eaton Square.

Not far away, in St. James's Square, is Sir Godfrey Ince, fifty-six-year-old Director-General of Man-power. When the Army release scheme has trained the men for peace time production, it is up to Ince to see that the jobs are waiting. So confident is he of Britain's industrial future that he expects his headache to be finding, not jobs, but men.

No exact estimate of releases is possible. But this is how, in the first year, the figures should run. One and a half million soldiers will become civilians, along with 100,000 girls from the A.T.S.

The R.A.F. may release about 150,000 men and 20,000 girls; the Navy figures will be considerably less. The Civil Defence staff freed will total about 500,000; releases from war industry will be about 2,000,000 women and 1,500,000 men.

Many of the women factory workers are expected to return to their homes or to the shop-counters from which they came to industry. Of the men, some will return to their old peace time jobs, but in many cases they will be trained for new industries.

The war has changed our whole industrial set-up. On all sides new industries will start. It may pay you to train for these and not return to the job you held before the war.

Bevin at Work

Ernest Bevin and Sir Godfrey Ince are now completing plans for the mass-training of civilians of all descriptions for the new commercial and industrial opportunities which will arise.

Few of us will be unaffected by the great change-over in employment which will occur; old industries will be streamlined. Mass-production methods forced by war have come to stay. New industries have arisen which call for many more classes of technicians.

Of the Army men a large proportion are too young to have learned a trade before they were called up. Sir Godfrey Ince and Philip Morris have to make sure that full use is made of these men in rebuilding the trade we have sacrificed in order to wage war.

If you're high on the Army priority list for release, your abilities have already been assessed, and your part in the scheme of mobilising for peace has been settled. When Z-Day arrives, or before, your unit Education Officer will discuss your future with you.

"There must not be anything haphazard about this switch-over," I was told by one of Philip Morris's right-hand men. "Last time the troops were let loose on to a labour market which was absolutely unprepared for them. Men drifted into trades for which they were unsuited. Billions of pounds worth of man-power went to waste.

"This time there is so much to do that every brain and every pair of hands are needed. What's more, every one of us must be not only in a job, but in the right job. We've no margin for waste."

To achieve this aim the Army have worked out a magnificent education scheme; they called it "A brush-up for Civvy Street." The final details are not yet settled, but I was told that the scheme will be compulsory for officers and men. A minimum of six hours' vocational training will be given each week, and will be stepped up rapidly as conditions permit.

The training will not affect a man's place in the "demob. queue," and it will be co-educational—the A.T.S will be trained side by side with the men. "We plan to try as far as possible," Mr. Morris told me, "to treat each man as an individual, and develop his talents broadly in the direction in which he will be most suited."

Young Man in a Hurry

A vigorous young man, Brigadier J. Lloyd, former head master of a famous public school, has recently been flown back from service abroad to take charge of this Army education scheme.

He is now hurrying about all over Britain seeing that every Command in the country is ready to deal with the mass education of men for civil life. Millions of books are pouring off the presses; tools are being manufactured for the training workshops; gramophones, radios and film projectors have been lined up.

Only a basic training will be given. Mr. Morris and his staff feel that the Army would be doing a disservice to a man by training him for one specific job, even if it were practical to do so.

There are such diverse multitudes of men in the Army, each man at his own level of intelligence and attainment, that a polytechnic would have to be set up in each military unit to meet the needs of them all. Instead, the Army education scheme will offer a choice of six main types of trade or profession—for example, science, technology, arts and crafts—and then give a thorough grounding in the general field.

The R.A.F. and the Admiralty are approaching the problem of re-educating their men for peace from a different angle. They are both attempting to train for specific trades and professions. It is possible that, being smaller and more compact than the Army, and having men already trained within narrower limits, they will be successful.

The Air Ministry has already advised its men—unofficially—that only a small percentage of Service-trained flyers are likely to be absorbed into civil aviation, and they advise the majority to learn another trade or profession.

The Navy has decentralised its education plans; each unit officer is given discretion as to how he teaches the men under his command.

Seventeen training centres have already started to refit Servicemen for post-war industry, and all branches of the building trade are prominent in the curriculum. Besides these, every manual trade is represented. When a man has learnt the theoretical side, then arrangements will be made for him to gain practical experience.

LAST LANDING

Shipbuilding, textile manufacture, handicrafts, and a score of other subjects will be taught, and the subject will vary according to the principal industries of the neighbourhood.

The demand for skilled labour is certain to be keen. Scores of extra training centres will be opened before this summer is cut. Even so they will be hard pressed to meet the demand. One large Midlands combine, which has had to close down two of its factories owing to completion of war orders, has offered to pay the salaries of all its skilled workers in order to retain them till peace time production starts.

Are you worried about what to take up in view of the changing labour market? Sir Godfrey Ince tells me: "We are establishing reinstatement advice centres in every important town to give advice and information on all problems to all who have served us in war and now want to serve in the best way in peace. No one will be left high and dry."

New Leaders for Business

Nearly every family to-day is proud of some youngster who went away to war immature and now has come back as a seasoned officer accustomed to responsibility and leadership.

All these scores of thousands of young men will receive special attention. That is the purpose of the Higher Appointments Department which Mr. Bevin has instituted. The idea is to secure a flow of these proven young men, with their alert minds, into the executive posts of industry and trade.

Nobody knows yet exactly what part women are going to play in post-war industry. In the boom years which are probable immediately after the war many women are likely to continue factory work. Sir Stafford Cripps is urging the War Cabinet to encourage them to do so in order that our industrial strength shall be maintained at peak level.

The Ministry of Labour is prepared, if necessary, to rush through plans for emergency training centres for hundreds of thousands of women.

All these Z-Day schemes of the Fighting Services and Government Departments will be useless to prepare us for peace unless we accept them as part of a wider policy. We have to realise that the old days of wasteful, haphazard, free-for-all competition have gone for ever. Britain, having mobilised for war, has now—if we are to hold our place in the world—to mobilise for peace.

PORTAL

Chief of Air Staff

Portrait of the man who is leading the R.A.F. to victory

HEELS CLICK IN King Charles Street. The Whitehall R.A.F. police come smartly to attention as the long black car, a pennant flying from its near-side wing, curves through the Air Ministry archway.

A man of medium height in the uniform of a Marshal of the Royal Air Force (a rank equalling Admiral of the Fleet, or Field Marshal) leaps out nimbly!

One hand grips a bulging despatch-case; there's a pipe in the other.

A raw, red, big-boned face, a figure best described as gangling.

This is Portal, "C.A.S."—those letters stand for Chief of Air Staff.

They mean that, under the Secretary of State for Air, he's head of the whole R.A.F.

Each day, when he is in London, you could set your watch by the time of his coming to King Charles Street. But never by the time of his departure. Yet whenever his day may end—and it is often long after midnight—the next always begins at the same early hour. There's never a minute's variation.

No Limelight for Him

By virtue of their position and work, the Service chiefs of staff are the men behind the scenes. They can never hold the popular imagination like generals in the field or air chiefs of operational commands. And Portal of the R.A.F. designedly hides himself within the mantle of his office. Only when the war is ended will our debt to him be known.

In October, 1940, he came to Whitehall from Bomber Command. The world did not know it, but his squadrons had just smashed the fleets of invasion barges which Hitler had collected in the Channel ports of France and Belgium for the assault upon our shores.

Always Three Moves Ahead

That lightning stroke of Portal's was his first great triumph of the war. His second came on a day some two years later when figures placed before him showed that the U-boat attack was cracking and that of every hundred U-boats sunk sixty victims were credited to attack from the air.

The first victory had been an affair of rapid decision, of striking to win. The second was the climax to long nerve-racking struggle. In neither of these contrasting tests of character was Portal found wanting.

Day by day, as a member of the Anti-U-boat Committee, he watched every detail of the battle, drawing the air-net always tighter, getting the utmost from the men of Coastal Command.

And all the while he was defending Britain against sea and air attrition he was building up bomber and fighter strength, looking not one but two or three moves ahead, planning revenge.

Most men who reach high place have dominant mannerisms, tricks of speech or gesture which come from the custom of command. Not so Sir Charles Algernon Portal, G.C.B., D.S.O., M.C. Our chief is a shy man, with simple tastes—and, despite his cares and burdens, a unique tranquillity of mind.

His hobbies and sports are falconry, small boat-sailing, fishing, and cricket; perhaps cricket most of all.

At Hungerford, Berkshire, where he

SIR CHARLES PORTAL AS SEEN BY HALL

was born, and his family lived, they still remember young Charles Portal as a fast bowler who took innumerable wickets, and as a motor-cyclist capable of alarming bursts of speed.

He was a "friendly bloke," they say; and he still retains the gift of friendliness, though the post of C.A.S., a Service pinnacle, is essentially lonely.

He sits in a large panelled room overlooking Whitehall. By the state of a man's room you shall know the state of his mifid.

In his room there is always a feeling of calm—though the work he handles would overwhelm most men.

Portal is sure of himself. He says he is lucky not to need exercise to keep fit. Which is perhaps only another way of stating that he lives a life of organised control. He has been known to cure himself of a cold by sheer will-power. You don't believe it? Well, at the Air Ministry they do.

He was formed in a hard school. First an observer in the R.F.C., he soon became a pilot—and once, in 1916, made five bombing raids on the German lines in a single night. His M.C. came in 1917, and the D.S.O. six months later—"for magnificent leadership," the citation says. The bar came in 1918, together with a colonelcy. He was twenty-five.

In the days when he served as an observer aircraft were unarmed, so he used to take a rifle up with him. He once hit Imelmann's machine with it. Don't ask which was the luckier in that encounter—Portal or the German ace. Anyway, both survived.

He Uses Time

Now he is leading to victory the great air force of which, perhaps more than any other man, he was the architect. No detail concerning it escapes him. His memory is phenomenal. No moment of time escapes him. He parcels time out with an intense exactitude.

If he takes a few hours off to go fishing, he can be relied on to walk into his office neither one moment sooner nor later than the time he said he would return.

His hair is dark, his eyes are warm, his gaze severe, though pleasantly inquiring. His cigarettes are good, but he's mostly a pipe-smoker. He could be better dressed.

In short, he's you or I, a man getting on with his job quietly. Just you or I—except for the brain, the stamina, the self-control that quiet manner hides.

For perhaps the finest thing about him is that he has achieved these things without once losing his humanity.

D. R.

WE MUST KEEP WATCH

by A. G. GARDINER

THE MIGHTY PINCERS are closing in East and West and the decisive hour of the war has come.

If in this tremendous moment it is the Battle of the Rhine that has gripped the mind, it is because the drama there has been more concentrated and intense than elsewhere.

The battle of the Rhine has been a single operation covering months in time and 400 miles of battlefront. It has involved armies of millions and the desolation of cities far removed from the scene of the struggle.

Every incident—from the dramatic spring at Arnhem, the heroic clearing of the Scheldt, the passage of the Roer, the defeat of Rundstedt's thrust into the Ardennes, to the fighting in the Vosges mountains and the Sarre, and the destruction of remote factories and oil plants—has been part of one battle, the Battle for the Rhine.

That glorious river is not only the noblest and most spectacular highway of Europe: it has throughout post-Grecian history been the chief theatre of its action.

It kept the barbarians at bay in the days of Cæsar; and it is interesting to recall that exactly 2,000 years ago this Spring that great warrior first bridged the lower Rhine for the passage of his armies.

Key to Power

Through all the vicissitudes of the centuries, the religious wars of the sixteenth century, the dynastic wars of the seventeenth century, the Napoleonic wars, and the wars of our own day, the possession of the great river has been the key of power.

With the rise of Prussia and the expansion of that power to Cologne and the Rhineland, came the claim to the exclusive German possession of the river, not one bank only, but both banks. It was to the strains of "The Watch on the Rhine" that Germany went to war with France in 1870, and the annexation of Alsace and Lorraine achieved the goal.

The whole length of the river save its sources in the Alps and its exit to the sea was at last in German hands.

But Germany's ambitions were not satisfied. "Wacht ane Rhein" was supplanted by "Deutschland ueber Alles." She had won the great river. Now she would win the world.

But the first bid for world power failed. It not only failed, but lost her the gains she had made in 1870-1. Alsace reverted to France, and if the demands of Foch had been conceded the whole left bank of the Rhine would have ceased to be German.

Second Attempt

The lesson was unheeded, and Germany secretly prepared to try again. Her vast designs this time included control of the Rhine to the sea.

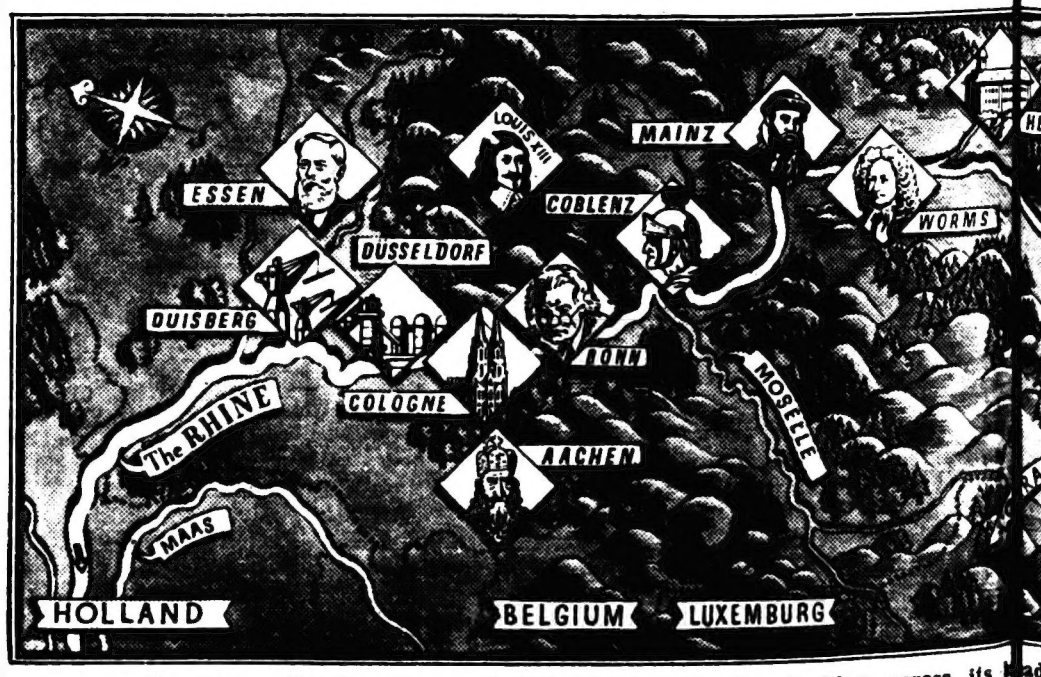
In circumstances of unspeakable treachery and barbarism she fell upon Holland, and if the war had gone as she confidently expected not merely the delta of the Rhine but Holland herself would have been swallowed up in the all-conquering Reich.

But once more the brigand plans have gone wrong.

Nothing was farther from their thought when they set out to conquer the world than that a day would come when they would pray to "Vater Rhein" to save them from impending doom. But the day is here, and the prayer is vain.

It was vain from the dawn of that June day which witnessed the miraculous landing on the Normandy beach. The enemy that could accomplish that astounding feat—the feat of shifting a great harbour across 100 miles of sea between the dusk and the dawn of a single night—was not to be thwarted even by so broad and defensible a river as the Rhine. And the battle was lost before it was begun.

It was lost because the Germans were on the horns of dilemma. If they fought on the west bank of the Rhine they sacrificed the defensive



The Rhine, like the Thames, is "liquid history." Here, looking across its b pinpointed some of its most important associations: Duisberg has the larges arms plant was founded by Alfred Krupps (1812-87). Dusseldorf is a centre of l among the greatest and most historic in the world. The Emperor Charlemagne Louis XIII and XIV, the French pushed east of the Rhine. Beethoven was by the Romans. Mainz was the birthplace of Guttenberg, the first printer. kings and kaisers. Heidelberg's university has been famous for centuries. the French. Basle, in Switzerland, has been one of the richest cities in

ON THE RHINE

value of the river itself. If they withdrew to fight on the east bank they left great provinces to the enemy.

Probably both horns were untenable. But in choosing to fight on the west bank Rundstedt gambled recklessly. For in the event of defeat the river not only ceased to be an asset: it became an enemy. It had to be crossed by an army in flight.

Of all the blunders of the German General Staff, and they have been many, none was more disastrous than the desperate attempt to break through in the Ardennes.

It was not even a forlorn hope, and in the result it involved the destruction of the hard core of German resistance.

With its destruction the passage of the Rhine was assured. The Ardennes episode was the last despairing rush of the dying beast.

And what of the future of the Rhine? Never again will it flow from Basle to Holland through exclusively German territory. Alsace will revert to France, and this time for "keeps."

But what of the Rhine below Alsace? There a vast German population occupies the west bank.

Keep Them Back!

This fact will provide one of the gravest problems of the peace. The claim of France, Belgium and Holland that their security demands the thrusting back of the Germans beyond the Rhine is natural and powerful.

Twice in one generation they have seen their lands devastated and their peoples massacred by a barbaric neighbour. They are entitled henceforth to any protection that is necessary to secure their immunity from the repetition of the horrors they have endured.

The peace must be just, and it must be conceived with an eye on the future as well as on the past.

But its penalties must be severe and its restrictions drastic, and they must be borne not by the victims of wrong but by the convicted doers of wrong.

...adth to the hills of Germany, are ...inland harbour in Europe: Essen's ...avy industry. Cologne's cathedral is ...hose Aachen for his residence. Under ...orn in Bonn. Coblenz was founded ...orms was favoured by many German ...ismarck seized Alsace-Lorraine from ... world ever since the Middle Ages.

Not only woodland glades and historic castles now belong to the public. So does the whole of this mediaeval town of Lacock, in Wiltshire

SHE GAVE YOU GREEN FIELDS

Octavia Hill founded the National Trust to give broad acres to the people

by HAROLD A. ALBERT

PAY DAY IN A Notts colliery, 1945. The miners are cheerfully stuffing silver and notes into a collecting box—Round One in the great £45,000 fight, still to be won or lost, to enable the National Trust, which, this year, celebrates its jubilee, to buy the Clumber ducal estate for the nation.

Through the Trust we are landlords, you and I. We own 109,000 acres, magnificent stretches of coast and river, parkland and mountain, tranquil villages and stately manors. And we owe the title-deeds to Octavia Hill, a girl who once cried to her elder sister, "Do you think I shall ever be able to do anything really useful?"

Three Slum Houses

Stocky, self-confident, prim, cheeky, quaintly Victorian, Octavia managed everybody she met.

At five, this brilliant, ordinary little person was writing grown-up letters telling her friends what was what. "It's as ugly as coal," she wrote about something she hated. And, "my family think of me good only to do a sum, carry a weight, or go a long walk in the rain."

It was from her mother, enthusiast for education, daughter of the celebrated Dr. Southwood Smith, first to connect bad drains with fever in the East End, and to get something done about it, that Octavia inherited her urge to reform.

Her first job at the age of fourteen was in a co-operative venture which employed ragged children as toy-makers. She took them for country rambles on Saturdays, an unheard of proceeding. Later, when she became a schoolteacher, she ran a small evening club for her girls. What she knew of their homes made her anxious to run, she said, "a small lodging house." From this modest project great things were to come.

Estate agents welcomed her when they heard she was looking for a large house—and frowned when they learned how she meant to use it.

"Then where *are* the poor to live?" she cried desperately.

"I don't know," replied an agent, "but they must keep off the St. John's Wood Estate."

Eventually she was given three slum houses to manage, tenements with leaking roofs and crumbling walls. Water and sanitation were lacking. Banisters were broken away for firewood, wallpapers peeling in filthy strips.

"It's not the rents I look to," a former landlord, an undertaker, confessed. "It's the deaths I get out of the houses."

Gin was cheap and work was scarce. The yards were full of men fighting and brawling. When Octavia repaired the windows they were instantly broken; freshly cleaned passageways were instantly fouled.

She persevered. She organised the elder girls into bands of cleaners at 6d. an hour, encouraged rivalry in the appearance of their stairs.

Gradually the tenants came to respect the "lady with a rent-book." A scrupulous manager, she always showed the owner a profit on his investment. No form of philanthropy, she knew, would be so appealing as one that paid dividends.

Soon she took over other houses, cleansed an open space as a playground, organised volunteer workers, installed effective sanitation. "Miss," said a tenant, "them drains are a feather in yer cap."

She Wanted Gardens

But drains and fresh paint were the least of the causes she was to fight for. Citizens' advice bureaux, community centres, women's institutes, working men's colleges and settlements, people's savings banks, better housing, town-planning, the Green Belt—all these ideas began or had a place in the brain of this remarkable woman.

To-day her failures seem as interesting as her successes. In 1875 a great stretch of fields between Central London and Hampstead came up for development. The contractor agreed to stay his hand if she could buy the property for £10,500. She was only £1,000 short of the sum when the offer was withdrawn.

She battled in vain for an East End boulevard with trees and flowers; she tried to get school playgrounds open in the evening, and failed.

Everywhere there grew fresh wildernesses of brick and mortar. "Are we as a nation to have any flower garden at all?" she cried.

Her plea was urgent. In the Lake District landlords were shutting up old rights-of-way and forbidding climbers on the mountains. On the edge of London a group of small shopkeepers were fighting stubbornly to save a lovely hill. It was a losing battle. A Deptford landlord wanted to give a garden to the public—but legal difficulties hindered him. No public body existed able to hold both buildings and land.

So, with Sir Robert Hunter and Canon Rawnsley, Octavia Hill founded a company "for accepting, holding and purchasing open spaces for the people."

"National Trust?" scribbled Sir Robert across a letter.

Now nearly fifty years have passed since a woman presented to the Trust its first acres—a tiny coastal strip near Barmouth.

Acreage Doubled Since 1939

"Our first piece of property!" wrote Octavia. "Will it be our last?"

In the following year, however, the Trust was able to buy a headland at Tintagel. An old priests' house at Alfriston was saved from demolition; a beautiful hill, about to be made a gravel quarry, was bought by subscription in Kent.

"So it is saved," wrote Octavia, "—the breezy hill, wide view, woodland glades, tiny spring, all yours and mine and every citizen's for all time to come. . . ."

Since then the Trust has saved the Dove and Manifold Valleys, beauty spots like Box Hill and the Devil's Punchbowl, the surroundings of Stonehenge, vistas of coastland in Devon, Cornwall, Sussex and elsewhere.

Not only the rich have made gifts to the Trust. "All my life I have longed to see the lakes," wrote a factory worker, sending 2s. 6d. to the first Lakeland appeal in 1902. "I never shall see them now, but I should like to help to keep them for others." To-day in the Lake District the Trust owns or protects over 40 square miles.

The Trust acreage has actually doubled since 1939. Incredible though it seems, as late as the nineteen thirties Buttermere was unprotected from vandalism, and historic Runnymede was private land.

In half a century, pinched and scraped pennies, as well as endowments, have made the Trust Britain's largest landlords. Castles like Bodiam, old coaching inns such as the George, Southwark, historic mansions with their pictures and furniture have been "trustified." The walks and drives of Allen Banks, the Avebury Circles, 4,500 acres of Pembrokeshire and 13,000 acres of Northumberland have all come our way in recent years.

To-day you and I own some 400 country properties, 800 cottages, 200 farms. The proceeds from the rent-roll are wisely re-invested in agricultural land, this investment is itself the best means of preserving the countryside.

Why not walk out this Spring and look over these estates of yours?

JOHN BULL Short Story

DRAMA ON THE 7.10

Five silent passengers in a railway carriage worrying over their private problems; then something happened to thaw the ice . . . . .

by

MICHAEL CRAIG

ILLUSTRATED BY JACK MATTHEW

THE 7.10 P.M. The slow, time-wasting 7.10. Well, what about it? If you're in a hurry the railway company caters for you at 6.5, 6.22 and 6.25. To be sure, in these earlier trains you'll be jammed, pushed, half killed by your fellows as you pack into the carriages and the dusty, smoke-filled corridors. But, if you're in a hurry, that's a detail.

Old Mr. Jarrow had stopped being in a hurry some years ago, and he disliked his fellows. Of all the stupid, greedy, senseless things that cluttered the face of the earth, man, to Mr. Jarrow, seemed the worst.

With his thin nostrils pinching in with disgust, Mr. Jarrow viewed his four fellow-passengers on the 7.10.

That girl there with her beautifully dressed hair, her scarlet mouth, her fur coat and her expensive luggage—a hard-faced, selfish piece if ever Mr. Jarrow had seen one. Look at the way—the high-handed way—she ordered the young private soldier not to put his kit on top of her case. More fool the soldier for taking any notice of her. But you could see he was a weak lot by the pull of his mouth, the worried, embarrassed way he dragged his brows together, and his nervous sucking on his empty pipe.

Disgusting habit, pipe-smoking, anyway. Mr. Jarrow hoped that at least he'd stick to keeping it empty on the journey. But even now he was filling it and slapping his pockets for a match.

That obvious, red-faced fellow in the corner was offering him one. That was the type who believed in making a friendly gesture. No reserve. No decent English restraint in him. Not that there was any real friendliness in him—it was just surface make-believe of good nature.

He'd bet anything—if he had believed in betting—that the hearty man and that plump girl in the corner would be chatting away together five minutes after the train left. Even earlier if her mother were not there—he supposed it must be her mother—as no one else could make such a fuss about seeing off a perfectly healthy girl. You'd think the girl was going into another world, judging by all her mother's instructions and clucking. . . . Just listen to her. . . .

"Now, Marge, take care of yourself. Don't be overdoing it. You're like your dad—always wanting to be on the go. You're not looking as well as you ought and no wonder, up late every night. . . ."

"Don't nag, Mum. Leslie had only three days. . . ."

As the train steamed out of the great terminus Mr. Jarrow half smiled at the remembrance of his nice little furnished rooms waiting for him, and Mrs. Waite, his landlady, whom he'd trained by a system of ignoring her into not addressing one unnecessary word to him.

The beautifully groomed pretty girl in the corner opposite him caught the edge of his smile, and her red mouth twitched companionably.

REALLY! (thought Mr. Jarrow). She is a piece and *no* mistake. Indignantly, he rustled his evening paper and barricaded himself behind it.

Funny old codger, the girl reflected. Obviously he thought she was trying to pick him up! The idea! And at this very moment she was running away from one!

Harry. Maybe, she was being a fool. After all, Harry offered her all the things she'd ever wanted from life—well, nearly all—all but one anyway. If only she had someone to advise her—someone wiser, surer of their values. There was only Elsie, her best friend, and Elsie made no bones about envying her Harry. Said she'd collect him herself if she thought she had half a chance. . . . She'd tried to explain to Elsie how she felt about Harry . . . but the words had sounded priggish and stupid. . . .

"You mean," Elsie had giggled, "you can't see the wedding ring for the glamour. But who wants a plain, gold band when they've got a mink coat . . ."

Her long, slender fingers stroked the fur lovingly. She shouldn't have accepted it. A birthday present—a mere nothing, he'd said. Wouldn't she see it just like that?

THE YOUNG SOLDIER beside her watched the slow, caressing hand on the silky fur.

I hate her and all her kind and all she stands for, he thought viciously. Money, power, arrogance. Not a decent, kindly thought among the whole bunch of them. They live fat before the wars, during them, and fatter than ever afterwards. Poor mutts like us make it all possible for them. Bet she's never done a day's work in her life. Wonder how she wriggled out of the call-up? What's the use wondering about her, haven't I got enough on my mind? I'll say I have!

What am I going to do? What can I do? I can't let Mary down. Forty-eight hours. There isn't much you can do in that time. If only I had some money. If only I knew someone who would help her out. . . .

He bit on the stem of his pipe, and

"What's happened? Are we hit?"

over the clouded smoke his morose eyes saw the plump white face of the girl in the far corner.

I can't be sick. I can't be, I won't be, the plump girl was telling herself. There's no corridor on this train. . . . I must think of something else. Think of Mum, Leslie. . . . Her grey eyes grew warm with tears. . . . When would she see him again? Embarkation leave he'd just had. . . . Might be years before they could be together.

What was that soldier staring at her for? Did he know? Could he see? She pulled her old tweed coat more closely around her. Bad-tempered looking thing he was—not like Leslie. . . . Gosh, she was pretty, that girl over there.

Her quick eyes took in the coat, the hat, the beautiful curls. . . . No wedding ring! So she's not married.

Her eyes were no longer envious, questing, but complacent and superior.

Well, you can't have everything. I'd sooner have my Leslie . . . sooner than any man. Sooner than that grumpy soldier or that moth-eaten old fellow or that fresh-looking fat one.

Why, he looks just like a black marketeer . . . bet *that's* what he is.

WELL, THOUGHT THE hearty fat man, now that I've made my mind up to it—it's going to be nice to get away for a bit. Hope this pub is as good as I've heard. I need a rest or I'll be in a muddle. Get myself sorted out a bit this week-end . . . feel a lot better about a heap of things on Monday. All work and no play makes Jack a dull boy. Not that I'd call it work exactly—must say I enjoy it. Got a nice little spice of adventure to it. . . .

He yawned. He closed his small, bright eyes and in a few minutes his head sank forward over his garish tie.

"Leslie, Leslie," sang the wheels for the plump girl.

"Forty-eight hours, forty-eight hours," was the tattoo for the soldier.

"If only I could be sure, if only I could be sure." The pretty girl's slender hands stroked her coat.

"Mess here, mess there," irritably stabbed the thoughts of Mr. Jarrow. "Despise the lot of them. Despise the lot of them."

They had been travelling for nearly twenty minutes when the V.2 dropped with a roar and an echoing shudder. The whole train shook like paper, under the force of the explosion. The plump girl screamed and clasped her hands protectingly across her body; the hearty man woke up, his eyes still heavy with sleep, looking ludicrously surprised; the soldier swore and, seeing how pinched with terror the pretty girl's face was, impulsively threw his arm around her and steadied her against him. The paper trembled in Mr. Jarrow's agitated grasp.

The train jarred to a stop. The passengers talked nervously.

The hearty man popped his bullet-head out of the window.

"What's happened? Are we hit?"

THE STRAINED face of the guard peered back at him. "Fell on the embankment ahead of us. We've got some debris on the track. We'll be held up a while. You all right in there?"

"Yes. Anything I can do?"

With considerable interest, the passengers in the carriage saw the hearty man produce his wallet and hand over his identity card.

"Thank you, Inspector." The guard's salute was deferential as he handed it back. "Well, everybody seems all right, but if you wouldn't mind checking up."

"Of course." The hearty man leaped out on to the track.

The soldier scowled and swore again. "I'm in a mess now all right," he said aloud.

"*You're* in a mess," said Mr. Jarrow. "What about the rest of us, young man? My landlady is expecting me."

"And what about me?" The plump girl opened her eyes wearily. "My sister will have left her kids alone to come and meet me. She'll be worried sick. You

. I'm going to have a baby and I haven't been too well with it. It's awful going through this alone—my husband has just been sent abroad. . . ."

"Alone!" The soldier was contemptuous. "You've got your sister, haven't you, and your mother? Not like Mary. If I can't figure some way out for her I'll have to overstay my leave."

"You can't do that." Mr. Jarrow was emphatic. "I gather you're in some trouble with a girl. Two wrongs don't make a right, you know. . . ."

"What the . . . Who said anything about wrong?" The soldier flushed angrily.

"IF YOU'D TELL US . . . perhaps . . . we could help. I'd like to if . . ." The pretty girl's voice was low and hesitant.

"You! Your sort don't help people like me."

"What do you mean, my sort?" Of a sudden she felt sick at the thought of Harry, at the thought of how nearly she had fallen in with his plans.

"He doesn't mean anything." The plump girl smiled at her. "Except that you . . . well, you don't know about things. . . ."

"It would be much better if nobody knew anything about anybody," interrupted Mr. Jarrow acidly. "Trouble starts with confidences. . . ."

"Who's Mary?" asked the pretty girl.

"My sister . . ." and then, as if it were a relief to have admitted that much, he went on in a rush.

"Her husband has just been killed. She was going to have a kid. She's no one to turn to—no one but me, and I'm stuck with the Army. I got forty-eight hours' leave, but there isn't much you can do in that time."

"Where does she live?" asked the plump girl.

"Romford."

"My sister lives in Romford," said the plump girl. "I'm going to stay with her. I wonder if . . ."

"Could your sister take a lodger?" The pretty girl sat up straight with sudden determination, sudden liveliness. "You see, I'm . . . I'm going to work in a factory near there. Would it help to have someone sleeping there and . . . and bringing in a bit for my keep. . . ."

"YOU IN A FACTORY!" The plump girl and the soldier looked at her in astonishment.

"I suppose they've called you up at last," the soldier sneered.

"Not exactly. I'm on the stage—in the chorus. I've been reserved. I suppose I could go on being reserved, but . . . but well, I think I'd sooner be among my own kind. . . ."

"Your own kind?" The plump girl looked meaningly at her hat, her curls and, finally, the fur coat.

"I was born in Balham." The pretty girl flushed defiantly. "And as for the coat—it—it isn't mine. It's borrowed."

"Balham?" The soldier looked at her with a new interest and a dawning admiration and respect.

"Will you give me your sister's address?" Now that she'd made up her mind—had positively turned her back on Harry and his life—she wanted something definite to tie her down. She looked anxiously at the soldier.

"Are you serious? You mean you would stay with her? It wouldn't be putting you out?" At the shake and nod of her head his face glowed with relief.

"You'll like Mary," he said.

"I'll come and see you both," put in the plump girl eagerly. "It'll be nice to know someone who's going through it, too. I . . ." she gulped hard on a remembrance of Leslie.

Disgusting, thought Mr. Jarrow.

He's kind, the pretty girl thought as she twitched the fur coat with distaste.

Gosh! thought the soldier, who'd have thought it would work out like this? It's wonderful. . . . She's a nice kid and as pretty as a peach. . . .

"Well." The hearty man pulled himself up into the carriage. "We'll be off in a minute. Some bomb that!"

"They're Off"—Sometime

Most racecourses have been called up for war—and it will be months or even years before they get demobbed. But the season has started and millions will be picking winners

by HANNEN SWAFFER

FLAT-RACING HAS STARTED AGAIN, but only on a rationed scale. Whereas, before the war, Britain had no fewer than 48 racecourses there are now only a handful.

And, however soon the war in Europe may collapse, it will be months before any others will again be used. In some cases, the turf is ruined. In nearly all, the stands are badly damaged.

When peace comes, the cry for "More racing" will go up. Secretaries and management committees will be eager to get fixtures, if only to earn dividends.

But so grave is labour shortage that will long continue, that "Houses, not race-meetings" will be the answer, both from the Government and the public.

So Epsom cannot see a Derby again, at least until next year. The most famous racecourse in the world was requisitioned for troops early in the war. Its grandstand needs rehabilitation.

Not for Twelve Months

Sandown Park, which used to make a picture, cannot be ready again for the Eclipse Stakes until twelve months after the cry "Hitler is beaten!" Taken over as a training-ground for the Guards, its once-perfect turf must grow again.

Then, before Kempton Park can see another Jubilee Stakes, all traces of its German prisoners must go. As for Hurst Park, thousands of lorries meant for mechanised troops have done much damage.

Next year Lincoln hopes to open, once again, the flat-racing season. Brighton plans to restart in June, three months later. At Chester and Doncaster, the officials say "Next year, we hope." At Manchester, where the buildings were all stripped and reconditioned to suit the Army's needs, the same story is heard.

So it is at Newmarket and Ascot, at Salisbury and Windsor, and at Catterick, Stockton and Pontefract, that racing will be seen. Even on these courses 1945 will still suffer under restrictions of the kind that prevented Newmarket's horses, for instance, from being tried out except on the heath where they were trained.

In 1938 there were 5,143 racehorses in training in the United Kingdom, which of course includes Ireland. To-day, there are only 1,626 racing in Britain; no Irish figure is available.

This means that, to save fodder, hundreds of racehorses have been killed. Animals that, with luck, might have won important races, have been sold as "cat's-meat," which really means that many have been eaten by people who thought it was beef that was on their plates!

Fortune Out of Cat's-Meat

A man who had long been "known to the police" once stopped me in the West End to say: "I've made a fortune out of cat's-meat. People in swagger hotels don't know what they are eating." As, to my surprise, he offered to lend me £50 which I had not asked for, he must have been doing well!

What are the other changes that war has brought about in racing?

The most remarkable was the democratisation of "Royal Ascot." In peacetime, the Berkshire meeting started by Queen Anne lasted for only four days every year. Unless the Court were in mourning, the King and Queen would lead a Royal procession down the course, day after day, driving over from Windsor.

Ascot Loses its Top-hat

War time needs made it necessary to use Ascot for ten days during the season. Even the sacred Royal Enclosure was thrown open to the general public—and on the first occasion this was done the King arrived as an ordinary racegoer. He watched the change with fascinated eyes.

Where were the "Society" leaders? What had become of Fashion? But the horses were there!

Now, it is stated, the King does not consider that Ascot should again become a "Society" function for at least some years. The country has suffered too much. To some, it might seem a mockery. Other considerations may influence the Court decision; but that is, at present, the view in the highest quarters.

While Ascot racing went on in these changed conditions, troops watched from the boxes which they used as sleeping quarters. But, otherwise, the course was "out of bounds" to those soldiers living there. The others, naturally, could go; and they did, by the thousand.

Ascot, too, became a biking holiday. Never in Britain have so many bicycles been seen as on the way to "the races."

Crowds Jam Trains

Trains to every meeting, wherever one was held, were jammed. Then, at the end of a crowded journey in carriages packed like sardine-tins, there was often a long walk.

At Newmarket, the July Course—that is the only one now used—is three miles from the railway station; and taxis are scarce. At Salisbury, you have to tramp four miles, uphill.

But, despite all the hardships, the crowds have been large. Often, half the onlookers have been men and women in uniform. Newmarket has been visited by thousands of American soldiers, seeing English racing for the first time.

Nothing, not even the Blitz, could stop racing. It is interwoven in the lives of the British people, the titled, the rich and the masses. To attend a race meeting they would endure any inconvenience, travel long distances, and put up with poor food and even dirty glasses in the bars. It is more than a gamble, for betting they could do at home.

Most Popular Holiday

Racing, indeed, is the Englishman's most popular outdoor holiday, one for which "the dogs" is only a poor substitute. He will stand in a crowd in which they can see only the tops of the jockeys' heads; still contented, he may see even less than that.

The Derby, indeed, is the year's greatest event. Even being on the course, out of sight of the racing, gives joy to thousands.

Gone, to-day, is the long procession of donkey-chaises and costers' carts that I remember from my boyhood days in Clapham. No longer do you see a four-in-hand.

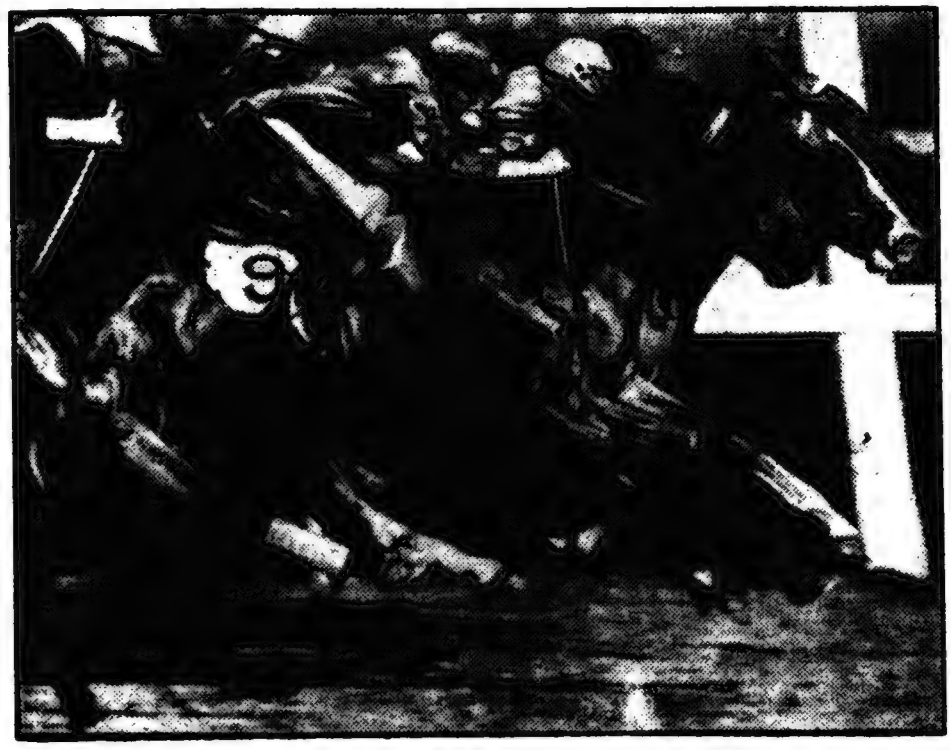
But the Derby remains a symbol of our national love of animals and all that concerns them.

So it was that Steve Donoghue, whose passing we all regret, was a public idol, and Brown Jack and Sceptre and The Tetrarch horses that were almost worshipped.

Besides, if racing had been stopped, the bloodstock industry, which normally is a valuable export trade, would have been ruined for long to come.

Racehorses must be tested. And a race on a racecourse is the only real test—of breeding, of stamina and of speed.

SWAFFER AS SEEN BY SALLON



Neck and neck—the thrill of the finish draws thousands even in war-time

Free Speech

AVIATION—Built by the Many—for a Few

More toys and sweets wanted. Education for Living. Deafness hinders employment chances. Gratuities Trick. Bad conditions in country areas. Hitler's future plans

THE HIGH STANDARD reached by British aviation in both men and machines is above all else the result of a united national effort. The workers in the factories, the unsung ground staffs, the test pilots, the back-room boys, and the matchless air crews—this industry belongs to the people. They built it with their own hands, even gave their lives for it.

Yet now, after the toiling years, this ripened plum is to be presented to Private Enterprise. Those captains of industry, the shipping magnates and the railway directors, are to reap the harvest. British peace-time aircraft are to be operated by them for business—their business. Six years of building, research, testing and flying at *our* expense passes into their clutches.

What about dividends for the airmen and the workpeople? We are the State. The State should own the industry for which it has sacrificed so much. Never was there such a case for nationalisation of an undertaking.—L. KELVIN, Tottenham, N.

Free Medical Training

TO MEET THE EXPANDING demands of a national health service an intake of 2,300 new medical students each year will be necessary. When our soldiers, sailors and airmen return after the war the Government will have a fine chance to make up the shortage in medical personnel.

Why should not the Government make a start in the direction of free training for the medical profession by providing a series of maintenance scholarships for returning ex-Servicemen who have certain educational standards and the urge to become doctors?—B. G. HARRALL, 6, Chapel Street, Stafford, Staffs.

Break for Children?

SURELY NO ONE is going to complain if the kiddies get a break after all this time? There should be more toys and sweets.

Three youngsters were buying unrationed throat lozenges in my chemist's to-day because they couldn't get sweets. Others, unable to get marbles, were queueing up in a cycle shop to buy ball-bearings as substitutes.—A. W., Cirencester, Glos.

Teach them to Live

IN HER STRESS on teaching people to learn, and in her last sentence, your contributor Lyn Arnold has dealt with the major aims of education (JOHN BULL, March 31). "No life without thought," she says. I agree. But life is wider than thought. As Ruskin says—"All education must be moral first, intellectual secondarily."—SIR RICHARD LIVINGSTONE, President Corpus Christi College, Oxford.

I HAVE TWO VERY GOOD (sometimes!) reasons for agreeing with Miss Arnold. One is seven years old, the other five.

Certainly my children must read and write and, eventually, fill in their income-tax forms correctly. I should like them to be clever—to be top in their class, if possible.

But to me, more important than just text-book tuition is the development of their minds. They may be accepted by a commercial firm, but will they be accepted by the community? Whatever the results of their examinations may be, I shall award marks for adapability, outlook, tolerance, and sense of values.

Is this part of their school education? Not to-day. The product of a school is a student—not necessarily a future man or woman. Some high-grade schools do offer more facilities, but these are available to only a limited few.

I disagree entirely with the present educational system. Until schools are *all* State-controlled I fail to see how we can expect the best from any child.—FLYING OFFICER, Birchington, Kent.

Co-ed Friendliness

WHY DO WE SEE a much broader and friendlier outlook on life among our American and Canadian friends? The reason is co-education. They speak and act much more naturally than we do.

Why does one of your readers complain about the gloomy atmosphere in his doctor's surgery?

And why is it that people sit glaring at one another in railway carriages for hour after hour?

It is all because we have never had co-education, which creates a comradeship and understanding that lasts all through life.—Mrs. ENID G. BOOTON, 3, Longhurst Flats, Blackdown, near Aldershot, Hants.

Tolerance, Please

THE HOUSE OF LORDS lately had a debate about aids for the deaf. I was invalided out of the Forces during the last war through deafness, and my experience is that we don't need aids so much as toleration, especially on the part of employers.

There are many jobs in which deafness is no disqualification, but employers and heads of departments just won't be bothered with the "hard of hearing."—J. S., Hants.

New Anthem Wanted

READERS MAY BE interested to know the reaction to the recent letter suggesting that we should have a new national anthem (JOHN BULL, March 3). No fewer than 67 correspondents thought that "Land of Hope and Glory" should become our anthem. Many others wanted some other melody. The fact that only seven people wrote to defend "God Save the King" was a great surprise to me and others on the staff.—EDITOR, JOHN BULL, 93, Long Acre, W.C.2.

Gratuity Tricks

NOW THAT THE GRATUITY scales have been fixed I hope men and women leaving the Services will not be tricked as many were after the last war. Then, large numbers of people, shortly after getting their gratuities, received letters from someone in their regimental pay offices to say they had been overpaid by so much and requesting the money back in instalments.

Like others, I wrote to JOHN BULL about it, and was told to put my letter on the fire. I heard no more about it. No doubt many others were not so wise.—A. L. MARSHALL, 105, Ivanhoe Crescent, Wishaw, Lanark.

Country Misery

THE OTHER DAY I took a famous war correspondent round my district (East Kent) so that he could get a "true impression" of conditions in a farming area. At the end of the day he said, "But why hasn't this story been told before?" The man is a well-informed, widely travelled writer whose stories have been read by millions. He knew practically nothing of the conditions of the men and women of the land. Is it surprising that the ordinary townsmen, the men and women in the factory, the fellow-workers of the farm "labourers" in the trade unions, know less than nothing?

Those of us who have written and spoken about the low wages, dreadful housing, bad sanitation and serf-like working conditions in country districts feel it is useless to go on if we're neither read nor listened to.—WALLACE ARTER, Goreham, Chilwell, Canterbury.

Colonial Example

NATIVE BOYS FROM sixteen upwards are employed by our Servicemen in British West Africa. They are treated well and respond accordingly. My son went to visit two of the boys. He is familiar with native quarters and didn't expect too much.

He found the two boys, who had only recently met, living like brothers in a room in a compound. The room was attractively divided by curtains. There were two spotlessly clean beds, some modern furniture and a beautifully scrubbed floor. If only we could spread this sort of thing throughout the Colonies.—THOMAS PEPPER, 10, Polson Drive, Johnstone, Renfrewshire.

Starting a Discussion

THEY HAVE DISCUSSION GROUPS at my twelve-year-old son's school. One day he took along one of JOHN BULL's "Argument" features. It provided so much interest and provoked so much discussion that JOHN BULL "opens the debate" at regular intervals now.—N. CHADWICK, 11, Beatrice Terrace, Osler Street, Ladywood, Birmingham 16.

"All its personal points are used up, auntie"

Happy Cook

SINCE WAR TIME RATIONING I've been happier in my kitchen. To me the scarceness of basic foods has been a challenge to my ingenuity. When I achieve something just a bit different with my dried egg or meatless hot-pot I'm delighted.—Mrs. J. FAULKNER, West Hartlepool.

Transformation

IN VIEW OF THE RECENT disquieting disclosures about the care of children, some parents may like to hear my experience. Eighteen months ago my son, then fourteen, was sent to an approved school as being unmanageable at home.

He came home on leave not long ago and it was almost impossible to recognise him. He was obedient, clean, polite, helpful about the house. He had gained five inches in height and nearly two stone in weight. What impressed me most, though, was his real liking for his masters. He was obviously happy and well cared for.—Mrs. D. D., Bedfordshire.

Can Hitler Win the Peace?

YOUR ARTICLE by A. G. Gardiner on how Hitler may win the peace (JOHN BULL, March 31) was indeed a timely warning. But will people heed it? I doubt it.

The trouble is that we British are, generally speaking, good-natured and lacking in guile. We find it impossible to believe that Hitler can deliberately sit down to make plans by which thousands will die of famine and disease in post-war Europe just so that they will turn against their liberators, the Allies.

Consequently, we adopt a sort of "Oh, he can't be as bad as all that" attitude, and pursue our placid ways. If we continue to refuse to face the horrible reality and devilish cunning of Hitler's plans, he will get away with it—again.—H. BARLOW, Potternewton, Leeds.

Good Nazi

SCENE: Waverley Station, Edinburgh. A chain of platform trucks rattled by as I stood watching some German prisoners pass. A guttural exclamation came from one of them, and I looked round to see a fully laden truck bearing down on me. The German was trying to warn me.

I jumped out of the way, fell over a bag and got tangled up in a bicycle. The German ran out of rank, heaved his shoulder against the truck, and saved me. Was I wrong in smiling my gratitude?—WILLIAM REDPATH, 7, Loganlea Road, Edinburgh.

Travelling Menace

MY CHILD CAUGHT measles from a playmate. To my horror I have since seen the mother of the other child, with her infant, riding in a 'bus. The child should have been in quarantine for another fortnight. Such thoughtlessness is criminal.—Mrs. C., Hertfordshire.

(Guinea sent to the Red Cross, as desired.—EDITOR.)

THIS PAGE *is reserved for your opinions, and one guinea will be paid as an acknowledgment for every reader's letter or extract published each week. Full name and address must be given (though not necessarily for publication). Please keep letters brief.*

WITH MY FEET UP
by IAN FOX

Wallop Poll says "Probably"

A NATION-WIDE SNOOP has just been held to put people through the third-degree to find out if they had any burst pipes during the cold weather. Is nothing sacred?

The answer is No! Not from now on, at any rate, because I am entering this quiz business. I am going to hold Wallop Polls on anything and everything with the aid of the Wallop Foundation for Reducing People to Statistics.

Future subjects will include cardboard houses, bird-seed, Sir Waldron Smithers, silent gramophone records, the election cry "We shall not bid for votes or popularity by promising what we cannot perform," black whitewash, and why the Party which wants to abolish all controls should want to continue conscription.

I conducted the first quiz myself. I asked a hundred people what they would do to solve the housing problem. Thirty-three per cent. said "Yes"; 33 per cent. said "No"; 33 per cent. said "What the hell's it got to do with you?"

The remaining 1 per cent. knocked me down.

THEREAFTER, I ASKED the Wallop Foundation to take over because they were more used to being knocked down than I was. They posed the question: "What ought to be done with the Germans after the war?"

The result was astounding. Eighty-eight per cent. of people said "Shoot them," 88 per cent. said "Don't shoot them," and 88 per cent. said "Don't let's be beastly to them." These figures can be used to prove that the country is in favour of (a) a soft peace, (b) a hard peace, (c) a spongy peace.

FIFTEEN HOUSEWIVES said "Let them live on the equivalent of our rations for ever."

Six big businessmen said "We must rebuild Germany immediately. What a contract!"

Seven Members of Parliament said "Freedom is the greatest heritage of mankind. We must give back to Germany the freedom which she won for her people in the years between 1933 and 1939."

One man said "France should occupy Germany and Russia"—but it turned out that he thought he was Napoleon.

When asked whether Germany should be completely disarmed, 99.8 per cent. of people said "Yes." The remaining .2 per cent. represented firms interested in armaments manufacture.

THE QUESTION, "Should Germany be made to pay reparations?" was more difficult. Seventy-three per cent. of people didn't know what reparations meant, 56 per cent. didn't care, and 84 per cent. thought the questioner said "preparations."

When the whole thing was clarified, another lot of victims was selected by the Wallop *Gestapo*. Of these, 90 per cent. thought that Germany will be made to pay, but as we shall never get the money we needn't even bother to ask.

Sixteen financiers said "Certainly Germany ought to pay; then we can lend her the money to do it with."

Forty-five per cent. suggested that it would be a good idea if, as reparations, Germany paid our income tax for us.

Three bankers said "A strong Germany is the only hope for the future of world trade."

A little man I met in a pub said "I should leave the whole damn thing to Uncle Joe."

He Walked Round the World

The restless explorer's urge drove John Carveth Wells from one amazing adventure to another, and even infantile paralysis didn't crush him

THE STORY OF John Carveth Wells begins with the traditional business of running away to sea.

But when you get to page 48 of his autobiography, and find him setting out to walk round the world, you begin to realise that this is something more than just another life story.

Wells calls his book *My Candle at Both Ends* (Jarrolds, 12s. 6d.), and that is about the way of it.

He does not give the source of his title. Actually it is taken from the verse by the American poetess, Edna St. Vincent Millay:

"I burn my candle at both ends.
It will not last the night,
But ah, my foes, and oh, my friends,
It gives a lovely light."

The pace of this book is fierce. Some compelling nervous energy drives Wells on from one adventure to another.

Mutiny and Escape

His first ship, he says, was "a bitch of a boat in every way." Water dripped on him at night as he slept in the tiny cubby-hole over the propeller shaft. The Chief Steward was perpetually drunk. After his first shore leave things came to a sudden head.

"The fool's been sick again," the Assistant Steward said, jerking his thumb at the Chief's quarters. "Get in and clean up the mess."

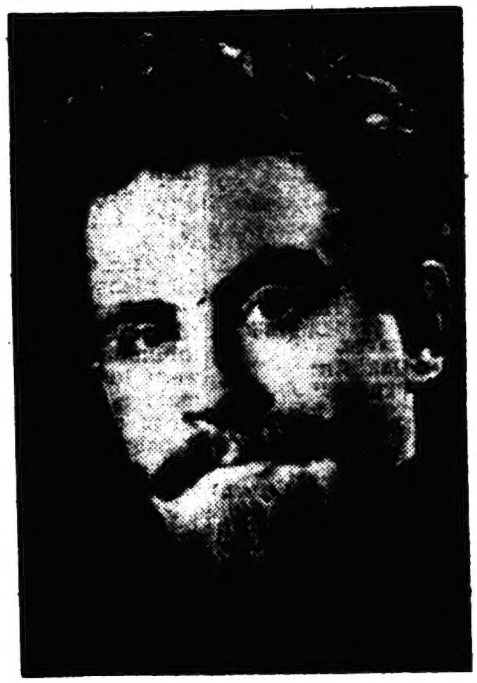
"The hell I will," said Wells.

Smale took a swipe at him with a whisky bottle and snatched up a bread knife. Wells closed with him, jabbed his knee into his stomach and swung his fist full into his face. "All the wind had been knocked out of him," he writes, "and all he could do was to writhe feebly and gape soundlessly like a fish."

Wells decided that it was time to bolt.

Already the blood of forty generations of fighting, restless ancestors had made itself felt in him. Now it was to drive him on down many incredible paths.

"I reached London within twenty-four hours by catching transport lorries," he tells us. "It was quite easy in those days to get connections from various towns to all parts of the country. The advertisements of the transport companies in the papers were used like time-tables by lorry jumpers—"Messrs. So and So, three empty, London to Bristol, May 4," they ran.



John Carveth Wells thumbed his way round the world before he was 21

London was not paved with gold for Carveth Wells. A few days later, completely broke, he tried sleeping on the Embankment. If he had any illusions about this age-old process they evaporated before that first night was out.

Then he went to "Tommy Farmer's," a strange establishment with a hundred beds on each floor where men could sleep for 9d. a night.

He Started at Land's End

There were many other doss-houses after that. The best among them were the Rowton Houses—the Poor Man's Hotel—where a cubicle cost 1s.

When his last coppers had gone he managed to get a job as a traveller in toilet rolls. From that he graduated to selling water-softeners.

But these localised activities could not contain him for long. He was not the son of Grant Carveth Wells, the explorer, for nothing. Very soon the restless urge to see the world and to find adventure on the grand scale insisted on having its way.

Eventually he set off on one of the most original expeditions of modern times. He started out one morning from Land's End to walk round the world.

"By means of a gramophone, my pen, and the sale of some souvenir cards which I had had printed, I hoped to earn enough to keep me on my journey."

He carried this notice: "I Am Going Round the World—Can You Give Me a Lift?"

Through England he made his way across the Channel to France. From France he pushed on to Italy and then reached Egypt.

G.B.S. Paid £1

Sometimes it was a millionaire's car which picked him up sometimes an old lorry, and sometimes again he just kept on walking.

In Cairo he heard that dozens of reporters had been trying to interview George Bernard Shaw, who was visiting the city. Wells wrote him a letter, saying, "Dear Mr. Shaw,—You get so many requests for your own autograph, that I feel sure that, for a change, you would like to have mine. It may be valuable some day." Shaw paid him £1 for that signature, and Wells claims to be the only man who ever sold Shaw his own autograph.

Later followed the dare-devil descent into the Nyamulagira volcano in Kenya. There were lakes of boiling lava, a deep cherry red, beds of bright yellow sulphur and continual explosions.

Spout of Molten Lava

The party used 8 ft. poles to test the crust as they crept slowly across the crater. Once the pole set off a great spout of molten lava, gradually catching up rocks and stones until they thought the whole crater would burst into gigantic eruption before they could escape. Luckily it stopped, and they passed on. . . .

Four years later this volcano blew its head off and killed 2,000 people. But four years later Wells had finished his trip round the world and was engaged in other adventures.

Just twenty-one months after he had left England he walked into the Land's End Hotel again. He was still not twenty-one years old then.

But after another period of adventurous living disaster followed.

Wells developed a stiff neck one night and the doctor said it was probably an attack of malaria. But when he was gasping for breath and had become paralysed from the waist downwards the doctor knew it was infantile paralysis.

Down, but not Out

This man, having crammed a lifetime of adventure into a few years, was stricken with a disease which made movement impossible.

The tragedy did not stop him entirely. He went on miraculously to produce a film newspaper, *The Daily Studio Bulletin*. Later, that grew into two papers.

Then the war, the blitz and his health overwhelmed him again. Penniless once more, he became a match-seller near Piccadilly.

All this and a great deal more he has crowded into the thirty-two years of his life. He ends his book, "The candle burns brightly and my thousand years of adventurous forebears have yet another instalment of my story to hear before the flame snuffs out."

This book shows the incredible resilience of human nature which enables a man to get up again even after he has been put down a hundred times. It also tells a unique and exciting story.

VINCENT BROME.

"Curtis! You've got to forget that you were a quartermaster!"

His Smack at Berlin

FROM smallest prize to biggest in one jump—that sums up the *Bullets* experience of Mr. J. Elstow, 14, Kingsmead Road, London, S.W.2.

Only a few Merit Awards have rewarded his efforts until, in Contest 1,467, he captured £200 for his topical effort: In Berlin—"Supermen" Down Super Cellars!

Another £200 heads this week's list of 1,562 prizes. Now for some *Bullets* on your coupon below!

CASH and CAKES for "JOHN BULL" READERS

£200 DOUBLED FIRST THIS WEEK

1,561 OTHER AWARDS

£20, £10, £5, £4, £3, 6 of £2

50 4-lb. FRUIT CAKES

1,500 NEW PRIZES

HOW TO WIN

Use these "Examples"

Add simply Two, Three or Four Words of apt and original comment to any of the "Examples" below. Thus you've made a "Bullet" that may make you the winner of this week's £200 doubled First Prize.

BRITANNIA AND SAM
DOVE OF PEACE
OUR ARMOUR
BUILDER OF TO-MORROW
HUNGRY EUROPE
NIGHT AND DAY
NO ANSWER
OUT OF THE HOUSE
YOUNG NAZI
ASKING FOR TROUBLE
PARTNERS
HOSTILE TERRITORY
WITH POMP AND CEREMONY
GRANDPA'S STORY
AS IT SHOULD BE
SOMETHING LIKE
MY DREAM HOME
BIT OF IMPUDENCE
NOT DONE
CUCKOO IN THE NEST

Six "Examples" below are for completion with any ONE additional word of your choice in the position indicated by dotted line. Then make your "Bullet" as usual.

MAN IN THE.....
A BAD.....
DIGGING FOR.....
BEYOND.....
TRUTH ABOUT.....
FOR THOSE WHO.....

RESULT 1,469—FIRST PRIZE £250

J. CREATHORN, 180, EMBDEA STREET, MANCHESTER.

WITH ONE AIM
MANKIND COULD "SHOOT" *AHEAD!*

£20: C. H. Cooke, 35, Urban Road, Sale, Manchester.
In Grandma's Day—Cradles—Rocking-chairs—*Stability.*

£10: Mrs. M. Frey, 12, Linden Road, Bexhill-on-Sea.
Hubby's A Dear, But—"Lifts" Matches—Drops Ash.

10 Prizes of £5:

B. Bache, 17, Greenwood Ave., Blackheath, Birmingham.
Security For All—Government "Lifeboat" Awaiting *Calm.*

J. E. Cadman, Flordon, Norwich.
Softened The Blow—*Three* New Ration Books!

A. Crate, Coastguard Station, Newbiggin-by-Sea.
Nazi Poison—Avoid Re-infection—Destroy "Swabs"!

H. P. Gillingham, 115, Mount Street, Fleetwood.
Nazi Poison—"Have A Drink, Kamerad?"

R. W. Lavin, c/o Stewart, 126, Biddulph Mansions, Elgin Avenue, W.9.
In Grandma's Day—Undies Heard, Not Seen!

W. C. Lee, 174, North Road, Southend-on-Sea.
Spring's In The Air, So—*One* "New Carpet" Materialising.

G. J. Pullin, The Old Rectory, Whitchurch.
Despite The Opposition—Mountains, Mud, Malaria—Mandalay!

A.B. A. J. Smith, H.M.S. "V——," c/o G.P.O.
Only A Fairy-tale—"Going Concern"—Gratuity Gone!

F. W. Street, 31, Bosley Way, Christchurch.
In Grandma's Day—Threepenny "Hops"—Twopenny Beer.

Pte. J. Webb, Somewhere-in-Britain.
Fido's Walk—Gets Dad Off "Leash."

First Prize-winner receives £25 Bonus as offered. A list of 10 winners of £2 10s., 20 of £1, and 200 of 2s. 6d. can be seen at these offices. 1,500 Merit Awards have been posted.

CHEQUES AND CAKES WON IN XWORD 421. WINNING WORDS: 1. Bolster. 2. Deal. 3. Brisk. 4. Fib. 5. Latin. 6. Snap. 7. Glow. 8. Cross. 9. Fag. 10. Pond. 11. Shift. 12. Greed. 13. Talk. 14. Sample.

£50 SHARERS: E. C. Cooper, School House, Bierton, Aylesbury; Mrs. J. Crighton, 1, St. Agnes Terrace, Crumlin, Dublin. 18 Runners-up Awards including Cakes.

NEW £100 OFFER ON THIS PAGE

RULES 1.—Bullets First Prize will be awarded for best Bullet received and other prizes in order of merit, the test being cleverness, aptness and originality. 2.—The Editor undertakes that all entries in Bullets shall receive careful consideration by a staff of competent adjudicators. 3.—As entry-fee, enclose P.O. or stamps value 6d. for two Bullets, or 1s. to cover four. Two free Bullets allowed with each four paid and plain paper entries are allowed. If P.O. used, make payable to JOHN BULL, cross /& Co./, write name and address on back. Coupons must not be mutilated. Members of H.M. Forces half-rate if coupons personally completed and Service rank indicated. 4.—Entries accepted only on condition that result of this week's Contest published in JOHN BULL dated May 5, also Editor's decision in any matter of dispute are accepted as final and legally binding. Employees of Odhams Press Ltd. and families not eligible.

ADDRESS COUPON: "BULLETS" No. 1,473, "JOHN BULL," LONG ACRE, W.C.2 (Comp.).

EXAMPLE .....
BULLET _____
EXAMPLE .....
BULLET _____
EXAMPLE .....
BULLET _____
EXAMPLE .....
BULLET _____

I agree to enter in accordance with the Rules and enclose P.O. or stamps entry-fee at the rate of 6d. for each two paid "Bullets." IF PREFERRED, USE PLAIN PAPER OF COUPON SIZE.

Signed .....

Address .....

.....

2 FREE "BULLETS" With 4 'Bullets' you may enclose extra 2 free on plain paper, coupon also.

P.O. Value .....
No .....

"BULLETS" No. 1,473

CLOSING POSTMARK MONDAY, APRIL 16.

For APRIL 28 "BULLETIN," ENCLOSE 1d. STAMPED ADDRESSED ENVELOPE.

PARENTS—Old Style versus New

Too young to start swotting. Grants to start a post-war business. Does Fire Service count for Army demobilisation?

"MY SON IS IN the R.A.F., and his wife and baby are living with us. His young wife is bringing up her child by modern methods with rigid rules about diet, fixed hours for every meal and activity, a daily playtime from 4 p.m. to 6 p.m., and so forth.

"The child is healthy, sleeps all night and rarely cries. But sometimes it seems to me that this routine treatment is rather inhuman. My wife and I often want to play with the child and make a fuss of it, but my daughter-in-law objects to this. Surely a baby needs to be given more affection than these modern young mothers allow?"

Your daughter-in-law is doing what thousands of other mothers are doing—bringing up her baby on the scientific principles advocated in clinics, and you admit that the results are satisfactory. The wailing of infants is heard much less to-day than a generation ago. Grandparents who want to pick up a baby at any time, dangling and caressing it in the old-time manner, make the mother's work difficult. They spoil the rhythm of the child's routine.

Nevertheless, there is something in your argument that modern methods can go too far. The latest authorities on the subject say that the child needs some demonstrations of affection as it needs food.

"WILL YOU TELL ME where I can obtain books in order to give my boy extra tuition at home? He is now six and I want him to be successful in his exams when he is older.

But I think he should start now to increase his knowledge gradually, instead of cramming in the last few months."

Yes, I could tell you where to obtain books, but frankly I wouldn't advise the extra lessons just yet. A boy of six is far too young to begin swotting for exams, and you may destroy all his natural bent for learning. He will get all the book knowledge he needs at school.

What I do recommend is that you should read stories to him—the kind he enjoys—and let him also read them for himself. This will get him used to reading and gaining knowledge from the printed word. He will be developing all the time and the more he enjoys his life the faster he will absorb things.

By the time your boy reaches the age of eleven there will be no more junior scholarship exams. Children will be sent to the type of secondary school for which they are best suited and there will be no need for cramming.

"THERE SEEM TO BE many conflicting stories about the Business Grants Scheme for ex-Servicemen which will come into force when demobilisation begins. I want to restart the business which I had to give up when I joined the Army. Nobody in my unit seems able to help me."

The scheme is intended to give a reasonable amount of assistance to enable applicants to meet their initial expenses when their own means are insufficient for the purpose. The maximum grant will be £150. The amount granted in any individual case will vary according to the requirements of the business.

Applicants will be expected to

contribute their war gratuities and post-war credits, and account will be taken of other capital resources. Before a grant can be made, any licence or other permit that may be necessary will have to be obtained from the Government Department concerned.

"I WAS AN Army reservist when war broke out and was recalled to the colours. Thirteen months later I was sent back to my civilian employment in the National Fire Service. My wife has sent me a cutting from JOHN BULL saying that soldiers who were temporarily released to return to the Fire Service, and were subsequently recalled to the Army, would have that period in the Fire Service (while on the reserve) counted as war service for the purpose of release from the Armed Forces after the defeat of Germany. Now I am told that this is not so. I have been placed in group 33 in my pay book instead of in group 19."

The statement in JOHN BULL was quite correct. At the time the age and service groups were being worked out in some of the Records Offices the decision as to whether employment in the National Fire Service would count or not had not been reached. The necessary adjustments will now, of course, be made.

"I WANT TO ASK YOU two questions: (1) When I was a young man I read a book called 'The Pleasures of Life.' I can't remember who wrote it, and none of my friends appear to have heard of it. (2) We hear in church about the seven deadly sins and are constantly warned against them. Is there a list of seven virtues? If so, what are they?"

The book, "The Pleasures of Life," was written by Sir John Lubbock (Lord Avebury). It is probably out of print, but you might be able to get it through a second-hand book shop or borrow it from a library.

The Seven Virtues are Faith, Hope, Charity, Prudence, Justice, Fortitude, Temperance. The last does not refer exclusively to drinking alcohol. It signifies moderation in all things.

The virtues extolled by the ancient Greek philosophers were Courage, Wisdom, Temperance, and Justice.

P.A.Y.E. and Credits

C. H., Canterbury, and others: P.A.Y.E. is merely a new method of *collecting* income tax. The basis of assessment and the ultimate calculation of the liability for the full year remain unaltered. Post-war Credits will, therefore, arise out of the tax paid for the year 1944-45 on the same scale as they did for 1941-42 and 1942-43.

The only year since Post-war Credits started for which there will, in most cases, be no credit is 1943-44. Most taxpayers received a remission of the greater part of their tax for that year and the credit that would otherwise have arisen had to be reduced by the amount of tax written off. This "writing off" for 1933-44 cannot, however, affect Post-war Credits for any other year.

P. D., Exeter: As your husband died before January 4, 1926, you have not been entitled to widow's pension up to the present. You will, however, become eligible when you reach the age of fifty-five. You should put in your application four months before the date on which you attain that age.

S. S., Leicester: A man discharged from the Services now on medical grounds will receive immediately fifty-six days' leave with pay and allowances. The additional pay on account of foreign service will not be issued until the gratuities become payable. This will not be until after the end of the war with Germany.

JOHN BULL SERVICE

SEND YOUR general queries (except medical) to the JOHN BULL Free Advice Service, 93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

Personal problems should be sent to "Humanist" at the same address.

Grants to ex-Servicemen and dependants are made by JOHN BULL'S War Sufferers' Fund (registered under the War Charities Act, 1940), Box 44, 64, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

XWORD PRIZES VALUE OVER £100

FIRST PRIZE £75—Other prizes value £25 and rich 4-lb. Fruit Cakes. On plain paper, give IN INK 14 completed words answering Clues below.

Winner—sender of most meritorious set of Answers submitted—decided by Adjudication Committee on basis of aptness and accuracy. Ties divide. Entry constitutes agreement to Rules.

1. Expert can quickly tell such a race horse—LI□ELY. 2. Is often difficult to grasp—FIS□. 3. Poor patient may possibly be upset by doctor's—□ILL. 4. Tramp sleeping in haystack risks discovery by farm one—H□ND. 5. Some men do this when they blow their trumpet—BRA□. 6. Quite a lot of wives are unable to refer to one about cooking—□OOK. 7. Spring often produces—SIN□ER. 8. You're bound to find something alive in—SH□W. 9. It makes a difference to your garden if you've no this for it—□IME. 10. There are people who hate falling into LIN□. 11. Slackness occasionally explains loss of—BO□T. 12. Raising of one may be in recognition of worth—□ID. 13. Give players chance to extend their reputations—TRI□S. 14. There are some that spread with the most amazing rapidity—S□UMS.

Entry Fee—6d. (stamps or P.O.) per TWO sets of Answers. To receive Xword Gazette dated April 28 enclose 1d. stamped envelope addressed to yourself. Closing postmark—**MONDAY, April 16.**

ADDRESS ENTRY: Xword 425, John Bull, Long Acre, W.C.2 (Comp.).

Result of Crossword 421 is given below "Bullets" Result in col. 2.

It's up to us to keep fit

THERE are three golden rules for fitness. *First:* regular exercise. *Second:* fresh air. *Third:* good food.

Of these simple rules the third is not *quite* so simple as it looks! The fact is that the most appetising food is not always the most nutritious. But there is an easy way to make certain that every meal you eat, however frugal, is rich in nutriment. You simply replace the missing goodness by taking a little pure yeast. Yeast is the richest known natural source of the B Vitamins. Yestamin is yeast in tablet form. When you take Yestamin you take pure dried yeast highly concentrated. You'll like its savoury taste and you'll soon feel the benefit of its vital goodness.

YESTAMIN

Vitamin B1 . . . 20 *I. U. per gram.*
Riboflavin . . . 65 *mcgs. per gram.*
Calcium Pantothenate . . . 53 *mcgs. per gram.*
Niacin . . . 455 *mcgs. per gram.*
Vitamin B1 . . . 34 *mcgs. per gram.*

TABLETS 1/1½, 3/- *per bottle*
POWDER 1/4½, 2/3, 4/- *per tin*

The Yestamin Grains Co. Ltd. Burton-on-Trent.

INDIGESTION?

Here's how to treat it: Two Rennies are all That's needed to beat it!

Indigestion is no joking matter—not to those who suffer from it. But why not do something about it? When that burning sensation starts, take two Rennies. They'll soon put you right.

Rennies are pleasant-tasting tablets, separately wrapped so you can carry them with you. You don't need any glass, water or spoon. You just suck them like sweets, one after the other. In record time, Digestif Rennies neutralize the excess acid in your stomach and leave you feeling as good as new.

If Rennies fail to shift your indigestion, it's high time you saw your doctor about it.

DIGESTIF RENNIES
25 FOR 7P (TAX INC.)

Under war conditions, the number of cases of venereal disease in Britain has risen every year, and this increase is one of the few "black spots" on the nation's wartime health record. A very important cause of the spread of venereal diseases is ignorance. The object of these advertisements is to provide information of their prevalence; how they are contracted; and how they may be cured by early treatment.

What are the Venereal Diseases? There are a number of them, but the main ones are **syphilis** and **gonorrhœa**, two very different diseases caused by different germs.

What is Syphilis? Syphilis is a dangerous, a killing disease. If not treated early, skilfully and completely, it can cause death or total disablement in early middle life. Unless an infected mother is given skilled treatment early in pregnancy, she can pass on syphilis to her unborn child.

What is Gonorrhœa? Gonorrhœa, though not so dangerous as syphilis, is a serious disease and is one of the causes—not, of course, the only one—of chronic ill-health and inability to have children.

What are the signs of V.D.? The first sign of syphilis is a small ulcer on or near the sex organs; it appears from 10-90 days—usually three or four weeks—after infection. Gonorrhœa usually shows itself first between two and ten days after infection, as a discharge from the sex organs.

How are Venereal Diseases caught? In adults, almost always through sexual intercourse with a person who has already got the disease. The passing of the disease in any other way is so uncommon that it need not be feared.

How can they be avoided? These germs cannot appear in the body of their own accord. Nor can they be carried through the air like the germs of colds or measles; but any man or woman, boy or girl, who has sexual relations with a casual acquaintance risks picking up syphilis or gonorrhœa. Clean living is the real safeguard.

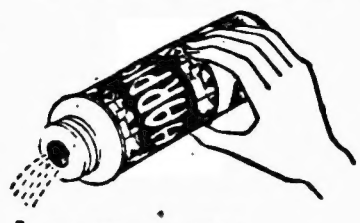
How and where can V.D. be cured? Venereal diseases can be cured if treated early by a specialist doctor; self-treatment is useless and may be disastrous. A specialist's advice, and treatment if necessary are given FREE at any V.D. clinic: the addresses of local clinics and the times of opening may be found on local posters. Treatment is **absolutely confidential**. Anyone who has the slightest reason to suspect V.D. should seek skilled medical treatment AT ONCE.

FURTHER INFORMATION IN CONFIDENCE can be obtained from your local Council's Health Department, or by writing to the Medical Adviser, Central Council for Health Education, Tavistock Square, W.C.1, enclosing a stamped addressed envelope.

Issued by the Ministry of Health and the Central Council for Health Education.

(VD 37-16)

Why you should use Harpic to clean the lavatory



1 EASY TO USE

To clean the lavatory, all you need to do is sprinkle a little Harpic into the bowl and leave as long as possible (last thing at night is a good idea). Then flush.

2 THOROUGH

Harpic's cleansing action is thorough and effective, reaching right into the S-bend at the back. The whole bowl is clean and sanitary—the part you *don't* see, as well.

3 DISINFECTS AS WELL

Not only does Harpic remove all discoloration—it cleans, disinfects, and deodorizes the whole pan.

HARPIC

THE VOICE of ALASIL ENTHUSIASTS

"This form of Aspirin has proved a Great Relief to me"

AS soon as you experience the advantages of 'Alasil' Tablets for the effective relief of pain you know that here is the ideal form of aspirin for the home. It is acceptable to everyone, young or old, and can be taken without discomfort even by those with delicate stomachs or upset digestions, because it combines aspirin of the best quality with 'Alocol'—a powerful antacid which soothes and protects the stomach.

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IN THE SPRING...

the housewife's fancy...

lightly turns to thoughts of . . . well, perhaps "furbishing up" expresses the mood in tune with Nature's time of renewal. Here are some hints for cooking during the upheaval!

Cooking at "Spring-cleaning" time

For Yourself: It may be only sandwiches and a cup of tea; but all the same, see that your mid-day "snack" contains proper nourishment to keep you going. Something body-building, something health-protecting, and the rest can look after itself. For the first item: sandwich fillings of scrambled dried egg, mashed sardine or pilchard, cheese or meat. For the second, shredded cabbage or other greens added to the filling are most refreshing and appetising, and you have your important "something green and raw."

For The Evening Meal: The family will appreciate the fact that you've been able to provide a good hot meal despite your extra work. Your best plan is to provide an oven meal. Put it into a slow oven for about three hours before dishing up, and it will look after itself. Here's one suggestion: A casserole of any meat and root vegetables, with peeled and quartered potatoes added about 1 to 1½ hours before serving, a milk pudding, and if you have them to spare, prunes or figs casseroled in just a little water. For the something green that should never be forgotten with any main meal? A helping of raw green salad, or some watercress is delicious with the meat dish.

GOOD: more marmalade!

MARMALADE SPONGE. *2 oz. margarine, 4 level tablespoons marmalade (4 oz.), 1 dried egg, reconstituted, 6 oz. flour, 2 level teaspoons baking powder, pinch of salt, milk and water to mix.* Cream margarine and marmalade. Beat in egg. Mix flour, baking powder and salt, add to creamed mixture with enough milk and water to make stiff dropping consistency. Turn into greased sandwich tin, spread evenly, bake in moderate oven for 30-35 minutes. When cold, spread with marmalade.

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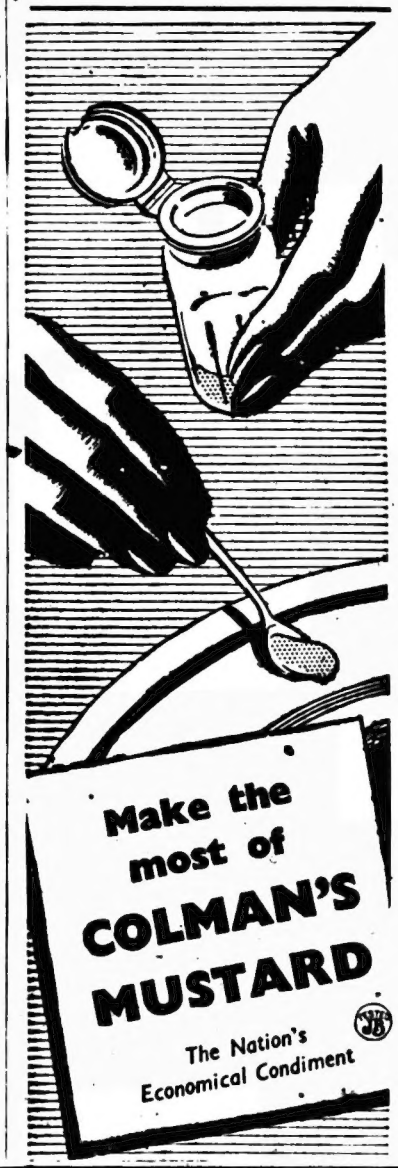

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